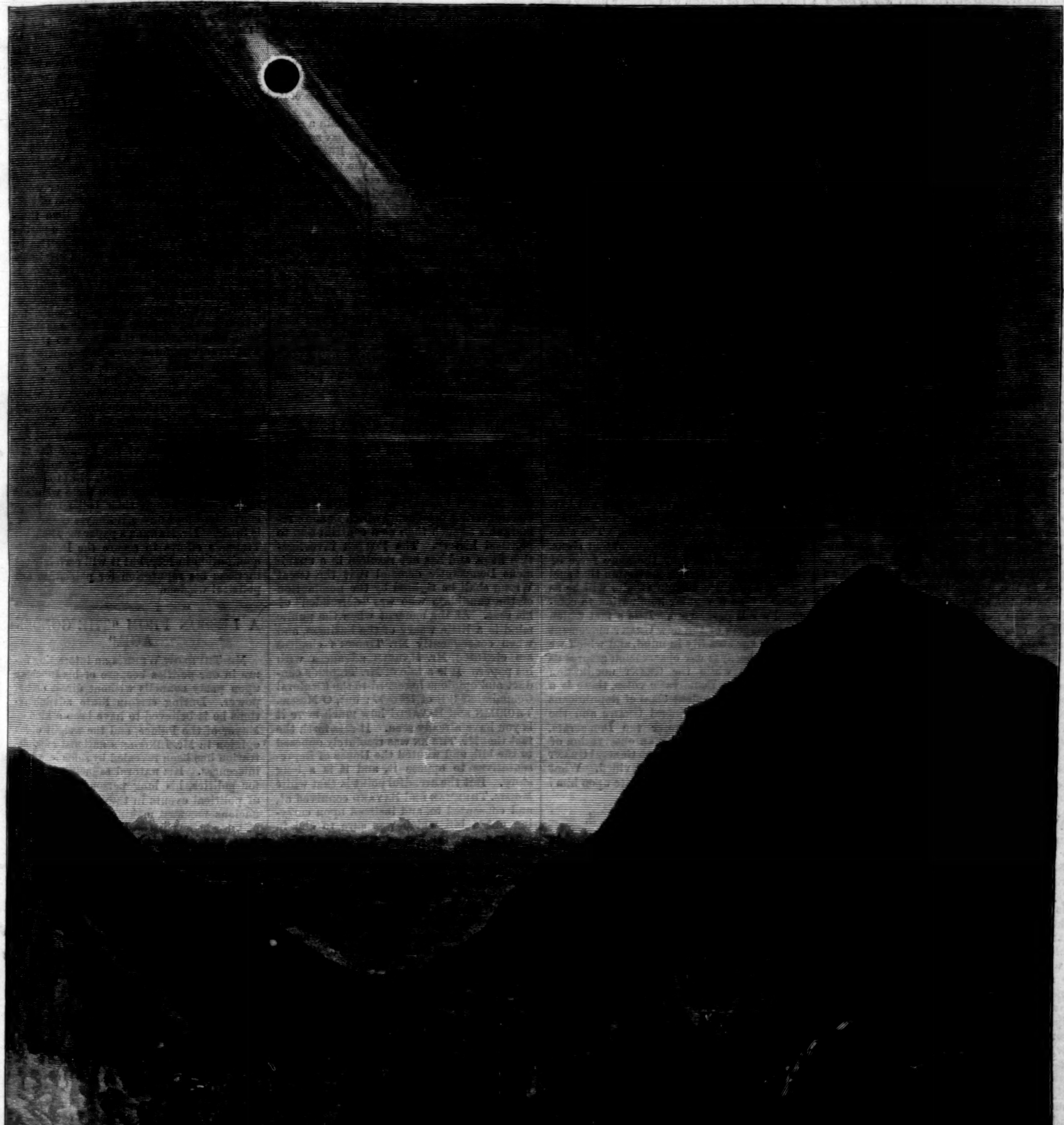
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXII.—No. 1130.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1878. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1878, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



THE GREAT SOLAR ECLIPSE.—SKETCHED AT SNAKE RIVER PASS, COLORADO, BY ST. GEORGE STANLEY.—[SEE PAGE 675.]

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1878.

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AN OBSERVATION OF THE FIELD.

THE pertinacity with which General GRANT'S name is kept before the public, and the tone of much of the comment upon the probability of his nomination in 1880, have awakened some curiosity and anxiety. Secretary SHERMAN is reported to have said that a Republican Convention, if assembled to-day, would probably nominate him. Mr. FISH, who says that he is in constant correspondence with him, thinks that he will not be the candidate, but the only reason that he is reported to have given is that he is mentioned as a candidate too soon. Several other members of General GRANT'S cabinet have expressed the opinion that probably he will be nominated and elected. The tone of the Republican papers in treating the subject is either that of warm approval or of sympathy without committal. All of them that mention it evidently feel that GRANT would be a strong candidate, while in many quarters he is urged as a savior of society. On the other hand, the tone of the Democratic press upon the subject shows equally a fear of GRANT'S nomination, which indicates that in its opinion he would be a very strong candidate. Indeed, we have known one conspicuous Democrat to say that the Republicans must of course nominate GRANT, because they have nobody else to nominate, and that the Democrats must then nominate TILDEN, because GRANT would beat any other Democratic candidate. This view, of course, implied placing TILDEN on a platform of fraud, and an appeal to the national love of fair play to put him in the office of which he is alleged to have been defrauded. This, however, is what is called sentimental politics. The Democrats will undoubtedly make the most of their cry of fraud, but not necessarily for the benefit of Mr. TILDEN. They will perhaps take him at his own word, that the wrong was not done to him, but to the country.

The calculations of probability in the election of 1880 are materially disturbed by the practical disappearance of the old issues, and the reluctance of the old parties to take a position upon the new. The elections in North Carolina and Tennessee, and the urgent Democratic appeals for harmony and against independent movements in Georgia and South Carolina, show that in the Southern States new combinations are possible and even probable, while in the Northern and Western States the National party is a positive but undefined force. This situation, which will become more rather than less decided, is adverse to the GRANT nomination, because of his positive relation to the old issues. It is a situation in which politicians seek for a candidate the advantages of obscurity. But GRANT stands in the clear day. His views are known, and his action can be precisely anticipated. This is the kind of candidate, according to Mr. ADAMS in his eulogy upon SEWARD, that ought always to be selected. But experience shows that candidates less known, and of whom every sentiment in the party may feel itself to be sure, are generally more available. Yet again, on the other hand, the Republican situation is such that a compromise candidate may become necessary. In that case the managers would be less likely to look for an inconspicuous candidate because of their experience with Mr. HAYES. They have a sensation of burned fingers. It is very conceivable, under such circumstances, that the friends of prominent candidates, when the nomination of their favorites became impossible, would prefer General GRANT to any other, and especially to a partially unknown candidate. Yet this view must be modified again—and the necessity illustrates the situation—by the reflection that Mr. BLAINE'S friends might prefer another compromise than General GRANT, because of his close relations with Mr. CONKLING. It will not be forgotten by them that in the Convention of 1876 the New York body-guard of Mr. CONKLING, when it was compelled to abandon him, preferred Mr. HAYES to Mr. BLAINE.

The expectation of those who advocate the nomination of General GRANT is that he would unite the Republican party, and gain the support of all who apprehend any trouble from Communism or from Southern disaffection. This, however, is a mistaken assumption, unless it be thought that the second GRANT Administration tended to unite the party. If General GRANT had been the candidate in 1876, he would not have fared so well at the polls as Mr. HAYES, because while all the regular Republican vote was cast for HAYES, a large independent vote also was cast for him, on the ground mentioned in the letter of Mr. BRYANT, which we recently published, that the chance of reform was greater under him than it could possibly be under TILDEN. This reasoning could not apply to a renomination of General GRANT. The independent element, together with a powerful body of original and constant Republicans, which supported HAYES in 1876, would regard the nomination of General GRANT in 1880 as the deliberate renunciation of the course which they believe to be indispensable to the national welfare, and the restoration of abuses which were collectively and offensively known as "Grantism." The practical question is not whether they would be mistaken or unreasonable, but whether they would think so and vote so. For in that case it is perfectly evident that the nomination of GRANT would not unite the Republican party. Another plain reason that it could not effect such a union is that the element whose probable power in a GRANT Administration repels this class of voters is the element which most vociferously demands his nomination. It must be remembered that it is not the personal character of General GRANT which is involved in the discussion. It is the things that were done under cover of his name, and that made his second Administration so nearly fatal to the Republican party, which would be presented to the country as the results to be achieved by his renomination. It is a maxim much in vogue among politicians, that we must deal with facts as they are, not as they ought to be or as we wish that they were. Now the fact beyond dispute is that the prospect of a renewal of the GRANT *régime* can not harmonize the Republican party, nor attract any class of Democratic voters. The election of 1880, according to all present signs, will not be decided by the mere force of party names. A strong conviction that success will produce certain results will be as necessary as a regular nomination to command a full party vote. It is a fact which the managers of the new GRANT movement should bear steadily in mind, and which we mention because our observation assures us of it, that while the GRANT nomination could gain no Democratic votes, there is a quiet and independent class of Republicans who, as between General GRANT and the Democrats, would prefer the Democrats. We are merely reporting an observation of the field. It was really upon General GRANT that the Republican party divided. What has occurred to enable it to unite upon him?

"SOLIDS" IN POLITICS.

WE have read with regret some things in Mr. FOSTER'S speech upon his renomination to Congress in Ohio. He recommends a solid North as a cure for a solid South. "I had hoped," he says, "that the policy of President HAYES would lead to the assertion by a very considerable proportion of the South of their antagonism to Bourbon Democracy;" and he admits that there is some sign of a break up of the solid South in recent independent movements. He says, also, that the course of the President has alienated the great mass of leading and influential Republicans of the country. Now it is in very great part because "the South" believes this to be a fact that it is still "solid." Republican leaders and organs and Conventions have declared that the measures and purposes of the President are his own. They have disclaimed all interest and responsibility. They have said in effect that the President is not a Republican. That being so, why should "the solid South" break because of one wise and friendly Northerner? It will break only before a wise and friendly North. If the Republican leaders had cordially co-operated with the Administration, how very much stronger the independent movements in the Southern States would have been! As long as Republicanism means in Southern opinion a solid North as against a solid South, every consideration solidifies the South. But the moment that feeling begins to disappear, and it is thought to be no longer necessary to keep arrayed against a section, the Republican vote in every Southern State will be a factor too powerful not to be solicited.

Mr. FOSTER may yet see General GRANT, even, urged as a candidate for the reason that he approves the Southern measures of President HAYES. In a dispatch of the 2d March, 1877, which he revised and authorized, General GRANT said

"that he means the people of Louisiana are as free in their affairs from Federal interference as the people of Connecticut, and that there will be no disposition to interfere with them any more than with the people of New York."

The significance of this is evident, and all his telegrams and orders at that time show that he did not think that the national Executive should decide a disputed election in a State. Senator JONES, of Nevada, one of the particular friends of General GRANT, in recently saying that President HAYES'S Southern action was a necessity, added:

"The election of President HAYES was all that prevented General GRANT from pursuing the same course. I know that, six months before the inauguration of HAYES, GRANT had determined that the colored voters of the United States could not be protected by United States troops. Our government is a peculiar one. It is founded on the principle that the majority will rule, and that the fact that it is a majority invests it with power to protect itself. In such a government if the majority can not or will not protect itself, it is almost impossible to protect it by any agency outside of itself."

Those who think that to maintain a solid South is the true Republican policy seem to us to be singularly mistaken. But if that be confessed to be an error, the true course to adopt is one that will encourage Southern Democrats who are willing and ready to take more liberal and patriotic ground in their party. It seems to be pretty well proved that a solid North on the old ground will not Republicanize the South, for all the Southern States but three had been recovered by the Democrats before the end of General GRANT'S Administration, and while the North was still solid. A Republican policy which strengthens Mr. LAMAR and the liberals in Mississippi, and the independents in North Carolina and Tennessee, is surely wiser than one which unites Southern liberals and independents and patriots in a solid Bourbon South.

MR. TILDEN'S CAMPAIGN.

WHILE the preliminary campaign of General GRANT for the nomination in 1880 is pushed with vigor, that of Mr. TILDEN also is prosecuted with untiring zeal. Mr. MANTON MARBLE has just published a TILDEN electioneering document, which is more remarkable as such than as a contribution to political history. The POTTER investigation flags, and has not resulted in a unanimous Democratic demand that the Great Wrong shall be righted by the nomination of the candidate who was "defrauded" of his seat. At the moment when the public mind is a little weary of the business, and when consequently Mr. TILDEN'S chances are obscured, Mr. MARBLE advances with his paper. It is a tale of Mr. TILDEN'S conduct and opinions in regard to the Electoral Commission Bill of 1876–77; but, O Messrs. THURMAN and BAYARD! how much more it is you have already seen. It sets forth the fact that Mr. TILDEN was resolutely opposed to the bill, and wanted the House of Representatives to oppose it, and it is a long story. But the dreadful point is that while Messrs. THURMAN and BAYARD connived at, and consented to, and insisted upon carrying out a bill which was sure to end in "defrauding" the Democratic party, and in revolutionizing the government, and in keeping the hungry faithful out of the flesh-pots, there was one great and solitary Democratic statesman, anxious not for himself, but for his country and for constitutional government, counselling, telegraphing, writing, talking, drawing resolutions, busily working, to prevent the passage of the bill, and to secure the Administration for self and party. The name of that telegraphing statesman it is needless to mention. But can the Democratic party hesitate in 1880 between the man who asserted its rights in 1876, pointed out all the disasters which were sure to flow from the bill, and suffered in his own person the loss of the Presidency to which he had been, in Democratic belief, elected, and which he wished (for the sake of the party and the country and the Constitution) to hold, and Senators who were made—unwittingly, indeed, poor gentlemen!—the tools of a Republican conspiracy against their own party?

This is, in various phrases, the cat in the meal, the negro in the wood-pile, the stump speech in the bill, of Mr. MANTON MARBLE'S chapter of "Secret Political History." Mr. MARBLE says that TILDEN'S opposition to the bill was inherent and incurable. But Mr. HEWITT says that after a day passed in consultation with Mr. TILDEN on the 14th of January, 1877, he left him "without having secured either his express approval or disapproval of the measure." In that statement of the chairman of the National Democratic Committee at that time we have, probably, the *causa causans* of the MARBLE manifesto. If Mr. TILDEN was in that frame of mind, how was he better than the Democratic Senators who supported the bill? That would plainly never do. The present publication is made undoubtedly with the approval of Mr. TILDEN. It is a dextrous blow at Presidential competitors, and Mr. THURMAN must bethink himself.

The secondary interest of the publication is that of Mr. TILDEN'S view of the proper settlement of the contest. He thought that the House of Representatives should resist the assumed power of the President of the Senate to count the votes and to select the votes to be counted, and persist in resistance until the "pacific" victory was won. This does not seem to us to be very profound statesmanship. There was a question of power between the Houses unsettled by the Constitution or the laws. There was a certain precedent of proceeding which depended wholly upon the pleasure of each House. It had, however, been foreseen and acknowledged from the beginning that if the precise situation should ever arise which had now arisen, namely, the disagreement of the Houses, there was no provision to meet it, and unless the Houses of Congress could agree, the government would totter. In this condition of affairs, which is not affected by vituperation or denunciation as the result of a conspiracy and a plot, Mr. TILDEN'S plan was that one House should hold out in the hope that the other would yield. The patriotism and wisdom of Congress fortunately were greater than those of Mr. TILDEN. The leaders of both parties saw that the contention, unless settled by a common understanding, would inevitably end in a tremendous civil convulsion. It was an emergency of the very gravest kind, which all the commentators upon the Constitution had perceived as possible, for which legal provision had been sought in vain, and for which there was no remedy whatever but force or a law enacted by common consent. Advice to one of the contestants to "hang on" and to "hold out," while party passion was at white heat, was not statesmanship, it was sheer desperation and running for luck. We were among the Republicans who held, and hold, that the President of the Senate has not a plain constitutional authority to decide what votes shall be counted. But to charge a plot and conspiracy upon those who held otherwise, although their belief might be convenient for knaves, if knaves there were, is futile. Mr. MARBLE'S paper may help Mr. TILDEN'S efforts to secure the Democratic nomination in 1880, but it will certainly not increase his reputation for patriotism and political wisdom.

A LESSON FROM "THE GOLDEN AGE."

MR. THURLOW WEED is an interesting figure in our politics because of his influence upon party councils without direct official power. During certain State administrations he is believed to have been a kind of Mayor of the Palace, and the weight of his opinion in Mr. LINCOLN'S national administration has been revealed by some late reminiscences. His natural sagacity and taste for politics, his long personal observation of political events in the State, and his tenacious memory, making him a repository of knowledge; his wide acquaintance in all parts of the State; his position at the capital as State printer; his editorial relations and activities as the head of one of the chief Whig and afterward Republican organs in the country; and his tact and skill in the practical details of politics—made him an invaluable Mentor for Governors and legislators of his party, who came to discharge great duties at Albany, and who required, first of all, if such a man were to be found, precisely THURLOW WEED. In his later years, withdrawn from an actual participation in political affairs, no longer sitting in an adjoining room, and, like DEAN RICHMOND, leaving something for the Convention to do, Mr. WEED, in his tranquil retirement, affably recounts his experience, and, happily, not forced to shoulder a crutch, shows how fields were won.

In a recent conversation with a reporter of the *Herald*, he spoke of the earlier days of our political history as the Golden Age of the republic. This is not an unusual strain for veterans who rest from their labors. Younger men who study the lives and times of CLAY and WEBSTER and CALHOUN recognize their ability and just renown, but can not help seeing that between the epoch of the Revolution and the Civil War their statesmanship was "shifty" rather than great, and that they avoided or did not see the deeper issues of their time. The gloomiest period of our history was that from the adoption of the Missouri Compromise to the Civil War,

and that was the era of the famous triumvirate. But did either of the great Whigs do much toward a wise solution of the commanding questions? Was Mr. CLAY'S "Omnibus Bill" a device of high statesmanship? And had not Mr. WEBSTER, ten years before the shot at Sumter, totally lost his hold of the real heart and soul of "the North?" As for Mr. CLAY'S original "American system," was it more than an adaptation of HAMILTON'S suggestions in his reports, and has the wiser opinion of the country, upon the whole, approved it?

This, however, is not our text. A remark of Mr. WEED which deserves serious consideration is that the men of whom he speaks were more truly statesmen "because they depended upon measures intended to promote the public welfare for their own advancement." He attributes the decline of statesmanship to "the loss of public and private honor" resulting from the demoralization produced by the war. Turning to Congress, he says, "We find that our Senators and Representatives, instead of seeking to acquire and retain public confidence by measures which, if not always wise, are intended for the public interest, are scheming for themselves—for God knows what." Does not Mr. WEED here say what is very true, that public men do now depend for success less upon appeals to the public intelligence and judgment than upon "management" and "manipulation," and a system which is characteristically called "the machine?" It is not, certainly, an invention of these days, for it is the result of parties. But its exaggerated importance and power belong exclusively to recent times, and were both foreseen and denounced by the statesmen of Mr. WEED'S "Golden Age." The first step of return toward that happy time, therefore, is the diminution of the power of the system which belittles statesmanship. In that way only can we get back to the practice of the age in which statesmen "made politics a study," and depended for their own advancement upon the advocacy of measures to promote the public welfare. In a popular government party organization is inevitable, but there is no duty to liberty more sacred than the necessity of preventing that organization from becoming a despotism and an oppression—in other words, a machine. In the height of the power of the TWEED Ring we remember that Mr. O'GORMAN said in a speech that there must always be a controlling ring in every government. It was a sophism that answered its purpose. In the same way it is said that to object to "a machine" is to object to party organization. As well might it be said that to object to tyranny is to object to government. What is known as "the machine" is the gross perversion of proper organization; it is the enemy lurking within the camp, and should be uncompromisingly destroyed. It holds in thrall the abilities and public services even of the statesmen who depend upon it. It degrades public life to mere unscrupulous intrigue, and its full odium is seen when a nomination even to the Presidency is sought not by great public services, but by a "still hunt." The contumely of the phrase expresses the disgrace of the act, and the possibility of success by such means shows the decay of public spirit and of private honor.

A CLEAR VOICE FROM WISCONSIN.

THE State Republican Committee of Wisconsin, in which no State Convention will be held this year, has submitted a declaration to serve as the party platform in the Congressional elections. It is a very good paper, showing conscious differences of opinion in the party, but announcing much sound doctrine, which, stated without reservation or timidity, should be the national Republican platform. The declaration cordially approves the aims of the President in his Southern measures and in his civil service action. If this means merely that every thing done by the Administration is not approved, it is what every Convention says in sustaining an Administration. If it means approval of the aims only, and not the measures in pursuance of them, then, as it is the duty of an Administration to do well, and not to mean well only, the approval, as the boys would say, is "over the left." The phrase was chosen, probably, for the reason that it is a little vague, but its tone shows good feeling for the Administration, and does not stab it by innuendo. The Wisconsin declaration says frankly and truly that "the investigation respecting the last Presidential election has wholly failed to disclose any improper action by President HAYES."

But its strongest expressions are upon the finances. "A stable non-fluctuating currency, possessing intrinsic value—coin, or gold, or silver, at the pleasure of the holder—is the only secure foundation of permanent business prosperity......and is equally demanded by the true interests of the laborer and the business man and the capitalist." This is followed by an excellent "plank:"

"The value of all paper currency, whether issued by the government or by the banks, consists in the promise it bears of payment, and in the degree of credit attached to that promise. If it can not be converted at pleasure into currency of intrinsic value, it can not remain at par, and its depreciation will be in proportion to the prospects of its being convertible within a longer or shorter period. The printed bits of paper which some wild theorists propose to employ as currency, and which they term 'absolute money,' containing no promise of payment and no intrinsic value, would soon become absolute in one respect only. They would be absolutely worthless. This and all other chimerical projects by which it is proposed to find a cheap and worthless substitute for the measure of value accepted and employed by the civilized world are based upon delusion, if not dishonesty, and, if adopted, would result in disaster and shame. We hold it to be the duty of Republicans and all good citizens to oppose with uncompromising firmness all those mischievous theories, as well as the cognate doctrines of Communism and Internationalism, which menace society, individual liberty, and the accumulated savings of industry."

This is a platform which means something. But those who think that the labor question is one that can not be and ought not to be set aside will observe that this declaration indicates no want of sympathy with that view, nor any disposition to shirk any duty. It merely disposes forcibly of one of the snares that are spread by demagogues for the feet of the unwary "working-man." It states strongly a truth which it is the peculiar interest of those who live by daily wages to remember, and the Wisconsin Committee has done the country a great service by its manly and unequivocal declaration. With this voice from Wisconsin, and that which we mentioned last week from Michigan, it can not be said with truth that Western Republicans are hostile to a sound and stable currency.

THE LABOR COMMITTEE.

THE hearings before the HEWITT Labor Committee are very useful in many ways. They show from the testimony of manual laborers of every kind what their complaints and their proposed remedies really are. This is a most valuable instruction for the general public. Again, the patient hearing of complaints is a safety-valve for good order, giving that free expression which is always a relief, and that moral satisfaction which comes from the consciousness of sympathy and attention. There is still another very great advantage. Such hearings before intelligent men—and Mr. HEWITT has a great deal of knowledge and of practical experience upon all the questions involved—enable the laborers to hear at once simple and conclusive answers to many views which seem to them absolutely incontrovertible. Thus, when one of the delegates of the socialistic labor party was asked whether, if a man earned $10,000, he should not be paid that amount, the answer was, "Certainly." "Then supposing a man earns $4000, he is to be paid that amount?" "Certainly." "Then supposing that the man that earns $10,000 doesn't spend but $4000, what is he to do with the other $6000?" "Divide it up between the different co-operative societies." "Then," said the committee-man, "if he is to give up $6000, what is the use of his trying to earn $10,000?" That is a simple and cogent answer, which every clear-headed American will ponder, and draw his own conclusions from it. It is a modern form of the old objection to communism, that if every thing is to be divided, there will be nothing to divide.

So when an advocate of a law prohibiting any person from working more than eight hours a day was asked whether a widow with six children ought to be restricted to the same hours of labor as a widow with but two children, there was no answer, until some one said that widows with six children ought to be taken care of by the government. Of course when a man who holds this view comes to see that the government is only himself and his neighbors, and has no money but what they contribute, he will modify his view of the expenses that government ought to assume. But it is not to be forgotten that all this crudity of opinion and restlessness of mind represents a sincere effort to relieve a very real and wide-spread suffering. The question of capital and labor is not to be disposed of by the observation that the folly of the complainants shows that there is no real complaint, and that it is only necessary to bear in mind the great truth that the supply will always be equal to the demand. There is many an honest man ready to reply to such a remark, "Why, then, is not my demand for bread supplied?"

The point that all the complaints reach is that the government should remedy all the evils and suffering of society. This indicates the foreign origin of the general movement. In other countries the government is supposed to be a separate and omnipotent force of endless resources. The people have to pay taxes to the government and fight for it and obey it; why should not the government in turn take care that none of its subjects starve, and that the inequalities of riches and poverty are corrected? This is the natural view of the ignorant foreigner who has had no part in government at home even by a vote, and his argument is often plausible to the American who has not thought upon the subject. The way to deal with this feeling is not with ridicule and indignation, but with patience and intelligent argument. Thus it is the requirement of a very large party that all the United States bonds should be taxed. But, in the first place, this would be a deliberate breach of faith, and in the second place, if the bonds are taxed, the rate of interest must be raised. That is to say, a man will not buy a bond at four per cent. interest if he is to be taxed upon it; and if the interest is raised, the people must be taxed just so much more to pay the increased interest. This would not diminish the public burdens. Yet the argument is specious, and a favorite with demagogues. "Bloated bondholders" are made to take in this country the place held in other countries by the "bloated aristocrats." As a matter of fact, again, these bloated people are in very great part the widows and orphans and laborers whose money is in the savings-banks. Mr. HEWITT has the opportunity in his report of doing the country a great service, and of writing one of the most timely and useful of documents. We hope that he will not feel it to be necessary to give it a partisan color and character which would fatally injure its value.

THE LOSS OF THE "METROPOLIS."

THE shocking disaster of the *Metropolis* last winter greatly excited the public mind, and we commented at the time upon the report of the local inspectors at Philadelphia, which attributed the guilty responsibility to Messrs. LUNT BROTHERS, the owners of the ship. It is but fair to them to state that the late report of the Solicitor of the Treasury strongly condemns that of the local inspectors, and exonerates the owners from all blame. It analyzes the evidence of Mr. MANSON, upon which the inspectors' report seems to have been based, and finds it very extraordinary that contradictory conclusions were reached by the local board upon the same evidence, and submitted in two reports. The Solicitor concludes that the responsibility of the catastrophe, if any exist, must rest with the captain and officers of the ship, and with the life-saving force at Station No. 4; and he recommends to the Secretary of the Treasury a thorough investigation of the conduct of the local inspectors at New York and Philadelphia, as well as of that of the life-saving force and of the officers of the ship. The result of such an investigation would be conclusive.

PERSONAL.

MR. CHARLES A. STETSON, formerly of the Astor House, is understood to be arranging for publication his reminiscences of the distinguished men whom he has known and with whom he had pleasant social relations during the last forty years. Probably no man in the United States, if in the world, engaged in hotel business, has had so large and delightful experience with statesmen and men of letters as Mr. STETSON. He was one of DANIEL WEBSTER'S most intimate friends, and enjoyed in an unusual degree the regard of the many gentlemen of distinction who made the Astor House their home when in New York. Mr. STETSON is not only a gentleman of culture, but an admirable *raconteur*, and his reminiscences can not fail to be exceedingly interesting and valuable.

—The incidents in the career of a bishop in the far Western sections of the country are often in strong contrast, and frequently pervaded by a comic element racy of the soil. Bishop WHITTAKER, of the diocese of Nevada, has given to the Nevada newspapers some queer stories of his experiences in a recent tour through the towns of Tybo and Ward. At Tybo he could get no building to preach in but a gambling-house; and in response to the Litany, instead of "Amen," an excited listener, with his pantaloons stuffed into his boots, cried, "Keno." At Ward a horse-race had been announced for the afternoon, but, at the bishop's earnest request, the racing was postponed till the religious services were over. The whole congregation went from the church to the race track as soon as the sermon was finished.

—Professor LEVI, of the University of London, after a thorough examination of the subject, says that the aggregate earnings of English working-men are $1,500,000,000 annually, out of which they could easily save $75,000,000, while in fact they save only $20,000,000, the balance being wasted mostly in drink.

—Sir RICHARD WALLACE has presented to Lord BEACONSFIELD the star and badge of the Garter in diamonds of extraordinary beauty. But the circumstance that confers a special value upon this graceful act is that the star and badge are those which were worn by the Prime Minister's old friend Lord HERTFORD.

—Mr. THOMAS KELSO, who died a few days ago in Baltimore, makes several munificent bequests to charitable institutions in that city and Maryland. To the Kelso Home, or orphan asylum, in addition to the property on East Baltimore Street, annuities aggregating $5000 a year; to the Methodist Episcopal Preachers' Aid Society, of which he was president, $10,000; to the trustees of Dickinson College, $10,000; to the Maryland State Temperance Alliance, $3000; to the missionary societies of the Methodist Episcopal Church, $2500; to the Home of the Aged of the Methodist Episcopal Church, $2000; to the Centenary Biblical Institute, $1500; to the Maryland Bible Society, $1000; to WILLIAM E. HOOPER, for the poor of High Street Methodist Episcopal Church, $1000; to the Boys' Home, $1000. The Centenary Biblical Institute is a school for the education of colored men for the ministry. The home of Mr. KELSO, estimated to be worth $500,000, is devised to his children and heirs at law equally.

—One of California's richest men, MICHAEL REESE, died in Germany a few days ago, leaving an estate valued at $10,000,000. With the exception of Senator SHARON, he was the largest owner of real estate in San Francisco. Some years ago he made a will leaving the bulk of his estate to benevolent institutions.

—Bishop PENICK, a colored man, born in Virginia, and recently consecrated as Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Liberia, is a practical man when not engaged in religious services. He may often be seen cutting timber to be used for the building necessities of his mission.

—Curious sort of person, this celebrated professor in Germany, whose works on Biblical science are authorities, who is singularly ignorant of all affairs save his studies. He was lately paid a large sum of money by his publisher for copyright. The amount was more than he could use for present demands. "What on earth can I do with all this money?" he asked, in real distress. "Why," replied the publisher, "you can put it out at interest." After thinking a moment, in evidently greater anxiety, he continued: "No, no, that will never do, for, don't you see, that will make it still worse, for there will then be ever so much more of it."

—Dr. BROWN-SÉQUARD has been named by the French Academy of Sciences as a candidate for the chair of medicine made vacant by the death of M. CLAUDE BERNARD.

—WENDELL PHILLIPS says that Americans can never become Communists, because three-fifths have something to lose, and the other two-fifths expect to have something.

—A Southern paper states that Bishop BECKWITH, of Georgia, who is expert with the rifle, will join one of the rifle teams of Atlanta. Doubtful. It would hardly accord with the canons of the Church. As a preacher, however, he is one of the most brilliant in the Episcopal Church, always hitting the bull's-eye.

—One of the most remarkable scenes connected with the return of Earl BEACONSFIELD from Berlin occurred at the Premier's reception at the Charing Cross station in London. Among the prominent people present to receive him was the veteran Jewish philanthropist Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE, who is now *ninety-four* years old, and who had never before met the Premier. They shook hands cordially, and remained in conversation for some minutes. Sir MOSES, who is celebrated for his great services in behalf of the oppressed Jews of the East, expressed his satisfaction at the action of the Congress in guaranteeing religious equality to the Jews of Roumania, and Lord BEACONSFIELD replied that this was one of the most satisfactory results of the work done by the Congress. The scene while this conversation was going on is described in a private letter from London as altogether remarkable. The crowd in the station was immense, and the hubbub and cheering were almost deafening, but the hero of the hour, apparently oblivious of his surroundings, seemed entirely wrapped up in his companion, who, with Jewish features as pronounced as his own, but standing erect over six feet tall, with his snow-white hair and spotless shirt ruffle, was the cynosure of all eyes. As Sir MOSES talked with the Premier he stood between Lord LENNOX and his valet, towering above both of them, and as erect as either. The London Jews regard this public meeting of the champion of orthodox Judaism with Lord BEACONSFIELD as an evidence of the esteem in which the Premier is held by the strictest members of the Synagogue

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE Louisiana Democratic State Convention met at Baton Rouge, on the 6th inst., and nominated Major E. A. Burke for State Treasurer. The Delaware Democrats met, the same day, at Dover. John W. Hall, of Kent County, was nominated for Governor.

A terrible railroad disaster occurred near Steubenville, Ohio, early on the morning of the 7th inst. The fast line express train on the Pan-handle road ran into a freight train, and was almost wholly wrecked. Fifteen persons were killed and fifty wounded, many of whom were emigrants.

The Indian war in the Northwest has come to an end for the present.

The South Carolina Republican platform, recently adopted, declares that it is inexpedient to nominate a State ticket this fall.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE EASTERN QUESTION: The Austrian troops entered Mostar, Herzegovina, on the 5th inst., without opposition, the inhabitants appearing very friendly. Not so in Bosnia, however, where, at the village of Zepee, the Austrian hussars were received with a volley, which they returned. The hussars lost 100 out of 180 men. The Bosnians murdered and mutilated the wounded.—The Russians have addressed to the Porte a friendly inquiry as to when it will surrender Batum, but the communication has not yet been answered.—The Russians have summoned the Rhodope insurgents to evacuate the territory now occupied by them belonging to Eastern Roumelia within ten days, or the Russian forces will attack them.—The British House of Commons, on the 2d inst., by a majority of 143, rejected Lord Hartington's resolution against the government's foreign policy, and adopted Mr. Plunkett's amendment expressing confidence in the ministry. On the 3d, Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury received the freedom of the city of London.

Another outbreak occurred in Achen on the 7th ult. The Dutch troops attacked and captured a strong position held by the Achenese. The natives lost 680, and the Dutch 56 men.

It is stated in clerical circles in Berlin that Prince Bismarck and the Papal Nuncio have arrived at an arrangement on the basis of amnesty for all offenses against the Falk laws, and the re-establishment of the convention existing before the rupture. The Vatican will promptly give a formal reply to these propositions.

Complete returns from the German elections for members of Parliament show the success of 93 Conservatives, 110 of the various Liberal parties, and 96 Ultramontanes. Sixty-six second ballots will be necessary.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, K. G., 1878.—From a Photograph.—[See Page 670.]

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, 1837.—[From a Drawing by Count D'Orsay.]

AMONG ALIENS.*

By MRS. FRANCES E. TROLLOPE,

Author of "Veronica," "Anne Furness," "Mabel's Progress," "The Sacristan's Household," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

"But, Catty dear," said my sister to me the next morning, when we were pacing slowly together, arm in arm, out of the sunshine into the shadow, and out of the shadow into the sunshine, in the gardens of the Villa d'Este, "Catty dear, I can not think that Vittorio meant to deceive me."

Lucy was still pale and weak, with heavy circles round her pretty blue eyes, and her gown, which had fitted her so neatly two months ago, hanging loosely about her meagre form; but the blue eyes had a bright, steady look of resolution in them which was new, and her slender figure no longer drooped in the listless way which it had so pained me to see. We had talked and talked half the night through; and for the first time for many weeks I had felt that Lucy was speaking her whole mind, and her whole heart, which was better to me. The veil through which we had been seeing each other dimly was gone. My own candid, simple-minded little Lucy had come back to me, and my heart was lightened of a load.

"THE GIRL FIXED HER EYES CONTEMPLATIVELY ON LUCY."

The very half-soft, half-stubborn way she had of persisting in her own opinion about that poor creature, Vittorio Corleoni, reminded me of the fair mite of a child, with a wide forehead and sensitive mouth, whom my brother used to call Little Square-toes in her nursery days—declaring that her small shoes, with straps to them (how small they were!), had a certain air of innocent obstinacy, which gave them a mysterious resemblance to their owner.

"Lucy," said I, "we will not discuss Don Vittorio unless you choose. But if we are to discuss him, I must speak out my thoughts, must I not?"

"Y-yes, Catherine." Then, after a minute's pause, she added, more firmly, "Yes: speak out. It is best, although it may hurt a little for the moment. And, Catherine, I have been thinking and thinking, and trying to see things sincerely. And one thing I have seen. And that is, that if what you say pains me, what I say may equally pain you."

"True, Lucy. Fairly and honestly said."

I was pleased to hear her say this—none the less pleased because I thought it augured worse for the influence over her of Monsignor Chiappaforti, and the special advocates of his Church, than any utterance from her lips which I could recall. And on this clear and open footing we discussed together the whole story of Don Vittorio's wooing from the beginning, and of the Princess's singular sweetness, followed by sudden severity, and of Monsignore's part in the little drama. The cool, easy, matter-of-course way in which Monsignore had accepted it as certain that Don Vittorio meant to deceive Lucy, and betray her trust and love, had, I could see, perilously shaken that dignitary's position in my sister's estimation, even if it had not toppled him over altogether. I well knew that Monsignore would never have spoken as he did speak had he known that Lucy was within ear-shot. He might, indeed, have expressed the same meaning, but in a very, very different tone. However, I did not insist on this point, thinking it best to leave time, and reflection, and her own conscience, to do their silent work in her mind. But she clung to her belief in Don Vittorio's truth and honor with a tenacity that made me sad. And yet I loved her for it.

"Why, Catherine, can I doubt him merely because others do? I should be—" She paused, and the tears sprang to her eyes and her cheeks flushed; but she bravely finished her sentence without a sob—"I should be as bad as the Princess thinks me, if I didn't believe in Vittorio with all my heart."

"Ah, my child, don't nurse vain hopes and illusions!"

"As to hopes—no. I see now very clearly that we were both foolish. Who am I that he should stoop to marry me? It was a foolish dream, and I see now that it was selfish of me to think of—of being his wife. He ought to marry a lady of his own rank, with riches and beauty, and all good gifts far above mine. And I—hope he will. But I don't want him to forget me altogether. I want him to think of me always as wishing him well and happy, and praying for God's blessing on him and his. As for me, I shall never care for any one else—never, never! But I dare say that some day I shall be glad to think that I didn't ruin his life, and separate him from his own people. And he will get over this trouble, and love some one else—as I never, never can. But then—men are different. He won't be to blame, Catherine."

The tears were streaming down her pale cheeks now, but yet her face had a look of serenity through it all. It was better for her to talk freely than to keep her innocent sorrows to herself. "And so, perhaps, Lucy may be spared the rude disenchantment which I feared for her; and may be able to look back in future years, when she is a happy wife and mother, on this love-story with a pleasant tenderness, as one remembers the dreams of childhood."

Thus ran my thoughts. For, you see, I paid very little heed to Lucy's protestations that she could never, never love any one else. She believed it. But at her age, and with her character, that was as natural as that she should be mistaken in so believing.

"No," said she, drying her eyes, as she stood with her face turned toward the great plain, with Rome rising from its misty horizon like a phantom city—"no, that is over for me. But human beings have different gifts and different missions, and perhaps too much earthly happiness may clog the wings of the spirit, especially if it is but a weak, faltering spirit like mine, and some of us may need sorrow and disappointment to teach us the beauty and value of a prayerful life."

"Well," I answered, "'*Laborare est orare*,' you know, Lucy. And I must not lose any more of the daylight, but set to work on my study of that gentle damsel, Monica."

I can not tell why—I have never been able to account for the thought coming into my head precisely then, and not sooner—but the fact is, that scarcely had I uttered the last words about Monica, when a sudden idea, almost a conviction, rushed into my mind in connection with her, and sent a hot, startled flush over my face. Lucy did not see it, for she was still gazing out at the view in an absent-minded way. We left the Villa d'Este, and returned to our lodgings together. I thought my sister had had walking enough, and advised her to lie down and rest a while while I worked. She declared that she was not tired, and that she wished to do something for me, who was always so industrious and ready to work under difficulties; and she proposed to finish a piece of needle-work that I had in hand. But when we had climbed up the dark, dirty stone staircase leading to our abode, she was obliged to own herself very weary, and to take my advice about lying down.

"I shall only lie still some half hour or so, Catherine," she said, "and then come and have a look at your study, if I may. I should like to see Monica again, too. I wonder what became of that poor girl—her brother's sweetheart, you know! Poor thing! to be taken away from her home and her innocent country life, and the love of an honest man, and then deserted! How sad it is to think of! I have thought of that girl several times since you told me the story."

It disturbed me greatly to hear her begin on this theme, after the idea which had flashed into my mind in the Villa d'Este; and I had not been in presence of my model two minutes before she (Monica) said abruptly, staring at me loweringly with her great dark eyes, "You never told me you knew him, when I was talking to you so free and open the other day."

I knew as well what was coming as if I had had it printed clearly on a page before my eyes. But it was necessary to preserve my cool self-command with Monica, under penalty of forfeiting what little influence I had acquired over her. So I answered, quietly, "In the first place, draw that plait more forward, and let it shade the throat—so!" (I was pointing at the tresses of her wonderful blue-black, coarse, thick hair.) "And, in the next place, speak clearly if you want me to understand you."

She had mechanically obeyed my injunctions as to the disposition of her hair, but continued to glare at me with an expression like that of a buffalo-calf. If you have never chanced to see one of those savage denizens of the Campagna, I may tell you that the habitual expression of a young buffalo is not prepossessing, being at once sullen and distrustful, while that of an old buffalo is in general diabolic.

"Well," resumed Monica, after a short pause, "if you don't know him, your sister does. I saw her on Wednesday coming out of the gardens of the Villa d'Este, and I said to some one I know—he wheels the barrow to pick up the dead leaves in there—'That's an English girl,' said I, 'her with the hair like gold, and the face like the Madonna in our church at home.' And he says, 'Well, I should think I know that! She comes here every day to walk, and she's a grand Signora!' I laughed in his face, and called him pumpkin-head, and I says, '*She* a grand Signora? Go, you fool! She's only a poor teacher, and her sister is an artist who paints for money! Grand ladies never do any thing for money—do they?"

"H'm! I can't undertake to answer for them, Monica."

"Well, anyhow you and your sister are not grand ladies, are you?"

"Certainly not. As to that there can be no manner of doubt."

"Ha! I told Cecco so. But he's as stubborn as our old black mule, and he stood me out that she was a grand Signora because the parish priest made so much fuss of her, and took off his hat, and because a grand Signore walked about in the gardens with her, and rode away on a horse that shone like a ripe chestnut. 'What!' says I; 'a horse that shines like a chestnut! Is the man—maybe he's considered handsome, with gold-brown hair on his face, and a gold chain, and spurs that go clink, clink, on the stones?' And when Cecco said 'Yes, that was the man,' I asked his name—may the fiend carry him away!—and Cecco told it me, and then it all came back, like when you wake up in the morning and remember yesterday, and I knew that that accursed Signore who sent Pasquale to the galleys was Vittorio Corleoni."

"Oh, turn your head a little more to the right."

"Well, but say: how did your sister come to know him? And why did you say nothing about knowing him when I spoke to you the other day? Are *you* a traitoress too? I thought you always said what was true."

It must not be supposed that this estimate of

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my veracity was by any means wholly complimentary in Monica's opinion. She had never been taught to look on truthfulness as a virtue, and there might easily arise occasions on which truthfulness would appear to her in the light of mere imbecility and lack of resource. Still, the fact that she had come to expect the truth from me as a matter of course, naturally strengthened my influence over her. And her ignorance and credulity, where she did believe, were as boundless as her power of attributing evil motives and cherishing cunning suspicions where she doubted.

"No, Monica, I am not a traitoress, as you call it. But you forget that I did not know the name of the gentleman you had been talking of. I believe you did not know it yourself."

"Ay! I had forgotten it: at least I had it in my mind somehow—hid away in the dark. His father has an estate over yonder," jerking her head toward the south, "where I come from. He goes there to shoot. He, that Vittorio—maledictions on his head!—don't go there now. He is afraid, perhaps." Here Monica laughed, a fierce, scornful, tuneless laugh, and then with a deep guttural "Ah-h-h!" she spat on the floor, and made a contemptuous gesture with her quick brown hand.

"Come, come! Sit steady!" said I, authoritatively.

"Madonna mine, when I think of that beast—"

"Don't think of him. You have thought of him enough. Think rather of some good person. It will be better for you."

This idea, being a novel one, seemed to take hold of my young European savage, and kept her quiet for a time. I profited by the peaceful interval, and by the meditative expression of her face, always pathetic in repose, and worked away zealously.

"I don't know who to think of," said Monica, after a while, looking up at me blankly.

"Sit still, at any rate. I have just begun to get the look I wanted."

At this moment Lucy came into the room, and, standing behind my easel, softly clapped her hands in approval. "Oh, Catherine, how beautifully you are getting on!" she cried. "This head is the best thing you have ever done!"

"Which would not be saying any thing stupendous in the way of praise, either! Still it is, of course, satisfactory to recognize some progress; and I think this study does show some improvement. But this monkey is the most tiresome of sitters. If she would be quiet for one half hour it would be worth a hundred francs to me."

"Let me talk to her, and try to keep her amused. What sort of things do you find to say to her?"

"Well, our range of topics is not large. Just now I advised her to think of some good person, and I believe she tried; but apparently she never knew any good persons."

"Who came into your mind, Monica, when you were trying to think of some good person?" added Lucy, in Italian.

Monica regarded her doubtfully, and shook her head. "I suppose the saints are good," she said; "but I don't know them, and they live up in Paradise."

"Who taught you about the saints, Monica?"

"Padre Bossi, our curate. He's dead. He was ever so old."

"Well, *he* was good, was he not?"

"No. He used to beat the boys over the head when they laughed at Vespers."

This was undoubtedly disconcerting. However, after a minute or two, Lucy, who had taken out her needle-work, and seated herself in such a position as to attract Monica's head and throat into the right turn for my purpose, softly resumed, "Is your mother alive, Monica?"

"Mamma? No; mamma is dead. Daddy is dead too. My grandmother is alive. She lives here in Tivoli."

"Poor Monica! My mother is dead too."

The girl fixed her eyes contemplatively on Lucy. "Was she pretty, your mamma?" she said, after a short pause.

"Yes, I believe she was. I do not remember her. I was a little baby when she died."

"Ha! I can remember *my* mamma. She was handsome, I can tell you. I am like her. I am a fine girl, you know, only the accursed fever has made me yellow in the face."

I don't think any home-bred English person could believe with what absolute phlegmatic simplicity, and absence of blushing or bridling, Monica pronounced the dictum that she was a fine girl.

"Tell me about your mamma, Monica," said Lucy, in her sweet, coaxing little voice.

At first Monica seemed unable to find any thing to tell; but a few skillful questions set her on the right track, and soon she was in a full flow of talk, recalling this and that circumstance of her childhood, with a plaintive, thoughtful look in her magnificent eyes (which look was chiefly the result of an effort to remember, and had nothing to do with soft emotion. But no matter! It came out adorably on canvas), and a subdued tone in her harsh voice, caught by instinctive imitation from Lucy's.

"There," said I, releasing the thumb of my left hand from its durance in the hole of the palette; "enough for this sitting. Lucy, I am ever so much obliged to you. You have been as potent over this untamed young animal as Orpheus over the lions and tigers. Isn't she like a panther? However, to-day I have really done a good stroke of work."

The sitting had been highly successful and satisfactory to us all three. And Monica inquired with much interest whether the Signorina Lucia would be there next time. "Because," said she, confidentially, to me, when Lucy had left the room, "she diverts me; and I like to look at her curls. They are like the Gesù Bambino's, in the manger, at Christmas. Have you ever seen that? But, oh no! I forgot. You are not Christians, you two. Some foreigners are Christians, though; I've seen them at mass."

"Look here, Monica: if you would like to have the Signorina Lucia here at your next sitting, you must promise me to be good—"

"Oh, I'll be good! I'll swear, if you like, by—"

"No, no; I don't wish you to swear. You must promise to be good; and you must promise something else. You must promise me faithfully not to speak to the Signorina of Don Vittorio Corleoni."

She broke out into a string of oaths which would have been forcible in the mouth of a carter, and ended by saying, disdainfully, "*I* talk of him? I spit on him! There!" and suiting the action vigorously to the word.

"The worst of it is," said I, coolly, "that you *don't* spit on him, but on my floor. I can not allow that sort of thing in my studio."

I had often observed that Monica, despite her more than bucolic ruggedness and roughness, was, like most of her country people, vulnerable to sarcasm. Any approach to being ridiculed stung her severely, whenever she perceived it. So now she turned angry in a moment, contracting her black eyebrows, and looking at me with fierce, flashing eyes.

"Well," I asked, as coolly as before, "is it a bargain?"

"Why shall I not speak of that devilish beast to her?" returned Monica, sullenly. Then, with a quick dart of suspicion, "Ah, you like him! He is your friend, eh? I must say nothing against him, eh? Wait! You'll see if I care for him, or Don Gregorio, or any of them. Don Gregorio may take off his dirty old hat if he likes; as for me, I—"

"Not on my floor, Monica," I said, very quietly, holding up at the same time a warning finger.

For an instant she looked undecided; but then, with another quick impulse, she began to laugh, showing her square white teeth, and wiping her lips with her apron. Seeing her in this mood, I smiled too, and added, "Come, I don't mind telling you this much: I dislike and despise Don Vittorio Corleoni as much as you can. He is no friend of mine, or of my sister's. His mother has behaved unkindly to her; and, frankly, I don't love any of the family. But, for reasons which you can not understand, I will not have them talked of to my sister. If you don't choose to obey me, you must not come here. You know that I mean what I say."

Monica had listened with an eager and a brightening face. It delighted her to hear me say that I disliked the Corleonis. "His mother, too, eh!" she said, nodding her head contemptuously. "*She* was unkind, was she? They are beasts all! An accursed family! And I hope the saints will send them all to perdition!"

With which pious and original invocation of the good offices of the saints, Monica threw a bright tartan shawl (my gift to her) over her peasant costume, and prepared to depart. But before she went away she gave the promise I had required of her, merely making the condition that I should allow her to ease her mind occasionally by talking of "that accursed one" to *me*, whensoever the spirit should move her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ENGLISH WARS IN INDIA.

No conquest was ever cemented by such a succession of destructive wars as that of the British in India. For seventy years after the retirement of Hastings the vast peninsula, with its millions of dusky people, lithe, agile, feeble, treacherous, knew few moments of repose, and the chief characteristic of its wars has been a savage cruelty, an utter disregard of human life, the massacre of thousands, horrors to which even European conquests have been strangers, the destruction of generations, as if men, women, children, were of little value where the soil teemed with its countless myriads. Among themselves the native rulers have fought with a ferocity unknown to other races; their cruelty to each other has surpassed that of Goth or Hun; the crimes of the courts of Delhi, of Poonah, or of Oude are such as were never attributed to Nero or Caligula. The feeble race seems easily transformed into demoniac madness; on the battle-field they often fight with desperation, and fall by thousands before they yield. Sometimes they have inflicted severe losses upon the English—massacred, tortured, surprised them; the great Hyder and his son Tippoo for a time seemed to shake the empire that had been created by the unsparing genius of Hastings. The Mahrattas with invincible courage almost conquered India. The Burman war consumed the flower of the English soldiery. The mad expedition to Cabul and its shameful end nearly shook the British rule in India. The Sikhs rebelled; the Punjab became the scene of murderous, of heroic deeds; Napier and Gough with merciless heroism destroyed a nation; and all India at last submitted, when suddenly the Sepoys revolted, and the reign of carnage was again renewed in Delhi and in Lucknow.

It is the peculiar trait of the swarming millions of India that they are liable to sudden impressions, and rise in a moment to violent rage or sink to abject despair. The wave of impulse passes over them swift as a wind over the sea. Sensitive, delicate, ignorant, imaginative, they are less to be trusted than most other races. The native princes have always been notoriously faithless to each other, their alliances worthless, their treaties vain. The people are only ruled by fear; the English are kept in power only by the intense awe they excite in the minds of the Hindoos. The English authority is founded upon an uninterrupted tide of success; it is the long series of their successful wars that enables them to rule the land of Aurungzebe. But whenever a momentary check has been felt, when English energy has seemed to waver, the natives have never failed to show symptoms of discontent, or risen in rebellion. The successes of Hyder were based upon English cowardice or dullness. A hundred years ago Sir Hector Munro was forced to blow from the mouths of his cannon twenty-four Sepoys of a battalion that threatened to abandon him. The disasters in Cabul were followed by so marked a wave of feeling among the people, so dangerous a discontent, that even the government at Calcutta trembled. The Sepoy insurrection was encouraged by the cowardice or the feebleness of British officials. And hence from the beginning the policy of the English toward the natives has been one of relentless cruelty. The faint motion of resistance has been stayed by swift executions; the wave of rebellion is checked by unsparing severity.

One of the great wars waged by the English for the preservation of their Indian conquests was that with the Mahrattas. It raged, with various cessations by truce or treaty, for nearly twenty years. It covered with its ravages all Middle India. A Scindia, a Holkar, names still noted in Indian politics, had trained their people in European tactics, had formed a close alliance with France, had planned with Napoleon the destruction of the British rule. French emissaries filled the court of Poonah with ambitious projects, and the Oriental dreams of the French Emperor were as sanguine but less practicable than those of England's modern minister. French officers instructed the Mahratta army in the art of warfare; 250,000 men, it is said, were engaged in the first war under Scindia; a French fleet hovered around the coast. The small body of English might well tremble lest the mental subjection of the natives should pass away, and the enraged millions devour the feeble Company of their conquerors. War was resolved upon. The Mahrattas must be destroyed. The relentless English had no mercy to expect, and showed little. At the head of their armies appeared General Wellesley, afterward Duke of Wellington. Swift, unhesitating, never at rest, he followed the savage foe with unparalleled speed. At Assaye Scindia had gathered 50,000 men, admirably trained, a park of cannon, an immense body of cavalry, and met the English with a courage equal to their own. But the English charged with bayonets the long line of fiery guns and savage horse, and dashed them into pieces. The defeat was fearful, but the war was only just begun. The English, fighting amidst that torrid climate, suffered such torments as seldom fall to the lot of man. Once, as an army was retiring to its summer-quarters, it was overtaken by a wind from the desert, called the "devil's breath." It was like the blast of a furnace. The hot sand scorched, withered, and peeled off the skin like burning coals. The English died fast. Young men, who had set out in the morning full of health and spirits, dropped dead by the way; athletic veterans sank under the horrible heat. They turned giddy, foamed at the mouth, and in an instant died. The thermometer in the shade often exceeded 130° Fahrenheit. The path of the army was strewn with its dead. Amidst unexampled perils the English pursued their aim. After fifteen years of merciless victories the Mahratta forces (1816) were nearly exterminated. Their country forms part of the Indian Empire; but two sections of it are still under the control of a Holkar and a Scindia. The latter still boasts of an army of 20,000 men, complete in discipline and arms, the representative of the well-trained force that was first broken by Wellington at Assaye.

In the intervals of the Mahratta war, and not long after its conclusion, the English (1824) invaded Burmah. Here, too, the contest was marked by pains and perils seldom known. The troops fought amidst swamps and inundated fields, intense heat, ever-present disease, famine, and hostile multitudes. The rivers swarmed with war boats long and gilded. The Burmese once, at least, beat back an English flotilla, and chased it down the river. The English perished by hundreds of the diseases of the climate. Yet they pressed onward steadily. A mutiny of the Sepoys in 1824 was suppressed with shot and shell. Burmah at last yielded, and a new territory and an immense debt were added to the Company's burdens. Next, in 1838–39, happened the extraordinary invasion of Cabul. The Punjab was still held by the treacherous Sikhs, armed, eager for plunder, when a British army of Europeans and natives issued from the passes of the Himalayas to seat a pretender on the throne of Afghanistan. Behind them lay the armed forces of the Sikhs and the Scinde, professing friendship, but preparing for an inevitable war. The small English column pressed on amidst endless perils, and reached Cabul. Dost Mohammed was dethroned. The English named a new king. Then all the folly of the project appeared. The Sikhs and Scindians behind showed signs of enmity. The people rose around them. They were massacred in the city, captured in the camp. Women, children, officers, men, fell into the hands of the savages. A new expedition retrieved the honor of the flag, and then the English retired behind their mountains. The Himalayas seemed their best defense. But the effect of their apparent check by the savage Afghans was the sudden outbreak of their last great war for the conquest of Hindostan.

The powerful Ameers of Scinde, restless, gathered their vast and well-appointed army. Sir Charles Napier, desperate, resolved, crossed the Indus, resolved never to yield to the barbarians. The Cabul campaign had taught the English that to retreat was ruin. With 2600 men Napier attacked 35,000. His loss was fearful; nearly all his officers fell. But the enemy were beaten and dispersed; 6000 of their dead lay heaped upon the field of battle. Scinde submitted, the war closed; but it was only to be followed by a still more desperate contest. Lahore became the centre of a new and terrible struggle, that tried to its utmost the resources of the Indian government. The Sikhs, masters of the rich region of the Punjab, were the most warlike and the most powerful of all the races of India. Their great army was trained and commanded by French and Italian officers; their hostile territory and rich resources threatened the whole region of Upper India. The English resolved to conquer them. At Moodkee (December, 1845) Sir Hugh Gough attacked a part of the Sikh army, and with difficulty forced them from the field. At Ferozsheer, on a flat and wooded plain, he assailed a Sikh intrenchment, and drove the enemy before him, but with almost intolerable losses. Never had the English in India met with so resolute a foe, but never had they shown such desperate energy. The Sikhs gathered their forces behind an intrenchment of great strength, constructed by their European officers, at Sobraon. They had more than 50,000 men, the English not 17,000, more than half of whom were Sepoys. They dashed in pieces the powerful works, they marched, without firing a shot, up to the intrenchments, broke in upon the enemy, and chased them across the river or into it. The scene was horrible, but the victory complete. Lahore fell. Again, in 1848, the Sikhs rose. At the battle of Chillianwallah, with heavy losses, the English were successful; another defeat completed the subjection of the whole country; the Punjab was annexed to the Indian Empire, and in 1849 the English rule seemed firmly fixed from the base of the Himalayas to the distant coasts of Ceylon. A terrible disaster was soon to prove its internal dangers.

The conquest of India has been slow and difficult, yet it differs from no other conquest. It is not different from the conquest of Egypt by Cambyses so long ago, of Italy by Napoleon, of France by Germany. The English have chosen to become conquerors instead of traders; the commercial company of the reign of Elizabeth has been made the source of a vast empire. The people of India may have benefited by a change of masters, but the wiser English thinkers scarcely care to waste the energy of their race in so immense a field of action. War, horrible and costly, constantly follows this distant conquest. Better had the India Company never left its proper sphere, and English energy and intelligence been more profitably applied. It would be happy for England if she could separate herself from India forever.

Eugene Lawrence.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.

On page 668 we give two portraits of England's great Premier, the first representing his features as they appeared when, in the heyday of youth, he won the attention of the world as a novelist, the second showing him as the elderly statesman whose brilliant services to his country have been rewarded with the proudest honors in the gift of his sovereign.

Fiction and politics, seemingly opposed as they are, have been the two leading pursuits of Lord Beaconsfield's life. *Vivian Grey*, his first romance, made its appearance in 1826, when its author was in his twenty-second year. It was published anonymously, and fairly took London by storm. What is more singular, its popularity continues to this day. In a preface to a recent edition its author speaks of it in a deprecating manner, and appears to wish that it might be suppressed as one of the sins of his youth. In this, however, he would find few to join him. *Vivian Grey* is a work of unusual genius. It is full of thought, full of wit, marked by the most astonishing vivacity, and of singular interest even as a novel of incident. Its critics usually fall into the popular belief that the character of the hero is intentionally designed to represent the author's own—a theory which is flatly contradicted by his friends. At the same time the belief has a certain amount of foundation. N. P. Willis, whose veracity can not be impugned, asserts that at his first interview with Lady Blessington she informed him that "Disraeli the younger is quite his own character of Vivian Grey, crowded with talent, but very careful of his curls, and a bit of a coxcomb"—a character which is confirmed to some extent by the testimony of others.

Elated by the success of his first romance, the young novelist soon published another volume; but this time he wrote in a different vein. *The Voyage of Captain Pompanilla* is a brilliant satire on the manners and customs of his native land. After its publication, Disraeli, conscious of his youth and inexperience, determined to mature his mind by travel and observation. Of his various journeyings he has preserved no direct record, but the hints and allusions scattered through a long series of novels show that he wandered far and long. In 1830 he was in Albania, and the following year in Syria. Egypt and the Upper Nile he explored at a period when Cook's tourists were not, and the expedition was not the winter holiday it has since become. At Janina he found himself in the midst of a serious revolt, and at Jerusalem he nearly lost his life in an attempt to penetrate the Mosque of Omar. During one period we hear of him as on the coast of the Adriatic; at another, as exploring the ruins of Rome; and again, as visiting Granada and the Alhambra. On the plains of Troy, as he himself tells us, he conceived the idea of his "Revolutionary Epic," a fragment only of which has appeared. The leading idea of this work, as he explains in his preface, is his belief that it is the duty of the poet to embody in his work the spirit of his time. The age we live in is revolutionary, and thus Disraeli wrote the "Revolutionary Epic." But whether modern politics are unfitted to poetical treatment, or the poet failed to handle them with sufficient power of expression, the public received the work with little enthusiasm. Neither did the other works which he sent home from the East awaken especial interest. Of these one was a prose poem entitled *The Wondrous Tale of Alnaschar*; another, a romance called *Contarini Fleming*. Of

the last its author writes: "It was almost still-born; and having written it with deep thought and feeling, I was naturally discouraged from further effort." With this novel, whose fate weighed so heavily upon the mind of its author, DISRAELI's career as a writer closed for a time. Later in life he was to redeem his reputation as a *littérateur*, but only when his fame as a statesman should make such honors as may be accorded to a novelist seem petty and insignificant.

Those who claim that "nothing succeeds like success" may learn a different lesson from the opening stages of DISRAELI's political career. Three times he made an attempt to obtain a seat in Parliament, twice at Wycombe and once at Taunton, each time suffering defeat. It was only after seven years of patient waiting that his ambition was gratified, and he took his place in the House of Commons as member for Maidstone. Here his beginning was any thing but successful. Claiming the attention of the House with undue precipitation, before he had sufficiently studied its temper, and exciting much laughter by a fantastical manner and extravagant gestures, he finally became so disconcerted that he was compelled to resume his seat. Yet even in the moment of failure he seems to have been conscious of ample resources. Before sitting down he uttered the following remarkable words: "I have begun many things several times, and have often succeeded at last. I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you shall hear me." These words proved to be prophetic.

The necessary limits of such an article as this forbid any attempt to follow the various steps by which DISRAELI has reached the dazzling pinnacle where he now stands. He is a man who has fought manfully with failure, and ended by achieving the most wonderful success. Indeed, he began life under almost every conceivable disadvantage. He was the representative of an unpopular race, and the advocate of an eminently unpopular creed. Yet he has overcome every obstacle, living down his most powerful opponents, and compelling the English nation to acknowledge him as her leader. In the London *Times*, apropos of the Premier's return from Berlin, bearing with him the treaty that insures peace to Europe after the late threatenings of war, there occurs a tribute to his genius that sounds strangely coming from that critical journal:

"If, as can hardly be doubted, the present occasion is, in respect to the consequences which are dependent upon it, one of the most memorable in the history of England, there can be still less doubt that it is by far the most memorable incident in the career of the Prime Minister himself. He had long before achieved extraordinary success. With scarcely any resources but those of his own genius, he had led a great party for a generation, and had conducted them through a period of utter political depression to a position of unquestioned supremacy. He had solved with them, or by means of them, the most embarrassing question in our domestic politics—that of Parliamentary Reform; and although again defeated by the constituencies of his own creation, in consequence of his inevitable resistance to certain necessary liberal measures, he maintained a position which enabled him to take advantage of the reaction which followed, and he became one of the most powerful ministers of this century. These alone are very considerable performances; and though we have often found reason for adverse criticism of the Prime Minister's conduct and measures, we are not of those who believe that steady success of such a kind can be achieved in this country without qualities both moral and mental of the highest order. Such a career was not inappropriately rewarded with an earldom, and if Lord BEACONSFIELD's public life had at that moment been ended, it would have been sufficiently distinguished to have gratified even his own ambition. But to day, at the close of a long and doubtful struggle, a still more extraordinary success crowns the career of the Prime Minister. He returns from discharging the office of chief plenipotentiary of England in the most important and most critical negotiation of our time, and he has discharged it to the satisfaction of his own country and with the general applause of Europe."

England's obligation to Lord BEACONSFIELD for the successful issue to which he brought the negotiations at Berlin is exceedingly weighty. The few words addressed by him to the enthusiastic crowd which met him at Dover on his return from Berlin express succinctly the object pursued and most successfully attained. "Lord SALISBURY and myself," said the Premier, "have brought you back peace, but a peace, I hope, with honor, which may gratify our sovereign and tend to the welfare of our country." The same thought is expressed in the concluding paragraph of the speech which he delivered before Parliament on the occasion of his report upon the proceedings at the Congress:

"I have now, my lords, laid before you the general outline of the policy which we have pursued in the Congress of Berlin and the convention of Constantinople. They are undoubtedly connected with each other, and they must be considered together. I only hope that the House will not misunderstand, and I hope the country will not misunderstand, our motives in occupying Cyprus and encouraging those intimate relations between ourselves and the government and populations of Turkey. They are not movements of war. They are operations of peace and civilization. We have no reason to fear war. Her Majesty has an army which is second to none. England must have seen with pride the Mediterranean covered with her ships. She must have seen with pride the discipline and the devotion to her Majesty and her Majesty's government of all her troops, drawn from every part of her empire. The illustrious duke in whose presence I speak has himself borne witness to the spirit and the impartial patriotism which animate the Indian troops he so recently reviewed. But it is not upon our fleets and our armies, however great they may be, that we mainly depend, but on that enterprise on which this country is about to enter. What I most highly value is the consciousness that the Eastern nations will repose confidence in this country, and that they well know that while we can enforce our policy, at the same time our empire is one of liberty, truth, and justice."

Lord BEACONSFIELD's desire to aggrandize his country and to extend her territory has always been controlled by determination to avoid that most fearful of all calamities—war. The cultivated and imaginative student, who throughout his exciting career has yet found time to spend hours in his library compiling such romances as *Coningsby* and *Lothair*, has none of the ambition of the warrior who mistakes a taste for bloodshed for patriotism. DISRAELI is a profound diplomatist and a statesman of exceptional genius, but withal a man whose tastes are simple, and whose sympathies are with the humblest of his countrymen, upon whom the burden of war must fall most heavily. The story of his domestic life is that of a singularly happy union broken only by death. Of his devotion to friendship we have an instance in the demand recently made by him that the honorable decoration of the Garter, proffered him in recognition of his recent services, should also be tendered to his associate and colleague, Lord SALISBURY. DISRAELI is an old man now; the loss of his wife has deprived him of his cherished friend and companion; and the duties of office wear upon him, as is shown by his illness during the Congress. Whatever may be thought of his foreign and domestic policy, or of the great scheme of territorial aggrandizement with which his name is associated, he will always be remembered as one of the ablest of modern English statesmen, and there are few names that will occupy a more conspicuous place than his in English history.

ROCKY POINT.

ROCKY POINT, of which we give an illustration on page 672, is situated on the west side of Narragansett Bay, about nine miles south of Providence. It was fitted up as a shore resort about thirty years ago.

On leaving the landing one passes the camera, and shortly afterward the drinking fountain on the left, and on the right the dining hall, with a capacity for seating 500 persons, and the "boarding hotel," accommodating 700. Then the ascent from the shore becomes more abrupt, soon leading to the foot of the tower, which rises 150 feet above the water, commanding a beautiful view of the bay. Descending to the west from the tower the "happy family" is passed—a large cage containing numerous monkeys, an ant-eater, a musk-rat, guinea-pigs, etc. The descent is continued into a grassy valley, well shaded by large trees, and containing a concert hall, refreshment saloon, and the "inclined railway," on which run small cars for the amusement of the little folks. A little further, by a gradual ascent, is the "cave"—a passage beneath some immense bowlders, which leads to the top of another small eminence corresponding to that on which the tower is placed. Here is a meadow, or miniature "table-land," bounded on two sides by precipitous rocks, and a favorite resort at the dinner hour for those who bring their luncheon.

The "bake" is close by the dining hall—two sheet-iron shelters, under which clams and fish are cooked in the approved Rhode Island fashion, by the steam of rock-weed over heated stones, but on a scale unrivalled elsewhere. Not far from the "bake" is the "hippodrome," or "flying horses," a merry-go-round for children, moved by steam. A little beyond is a "string" of twelve bowling-alleys.

The proprietors of the Point own and manage an adjoining farm of fifty acres for the supply of vegetables, milk, etc. During the summer steamboats leave Providence and Newport for Rocky Point several times a day. It is also accessible by rail from Providence.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

AUGUST.

Saturday, 24.—St. Bartholomew.
Sunday, 25.—Tenth Sunday after Trinity.

ALTHOUGH STEPHEN GIRARD was a Voltairian deist, yet the educational trust created by him was an outgrowth of the Christian spirit, and has been administered with great fidelity by Christian men. The president of the college, Dr. WILLIAM H. ALLEN, is also president of the American Bible Society; and in the list of its directors may be found the names of WILLIAM WELSH, lately deceased, and GEORGE H. STUART. By a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, made in 1868, the directors are authorized to employ the entire income from GIRARD's residuary estate for the maintenance of the college, "until the whole college property is fully occupied for this purpose." The present value of this residuary fund is $6,414,039; its prospective value can hardly be determined, for part of the property consists of Pennsylvania coal lands, and 500 acres of real estate in the southern part of the city of Philadelphia. The total receipts, mostly consisting of income, for the year 1877, were $941,860.

Acting upon the authority given by the court, the trustees of the Girard Fund are now engaged in enlarging the accommodations for orphan boys. A marble chapel, capable of seating 2000 persons, is nearly finished. Five marble buildings have also been erected for the younger boys, who will be classed as the primary department. The size of the chapel indicates the purpose of the directors to provide for 2000 orphans. The present capacity of the buildings is 870; that is to say, nearly 900 boys can now be fed, housed, and taught within the premises. Mr. GIRARD's will requires that the boys be indentured between the ages of fourteen and eighteen years as apprentices; but owing to the unwillingness of employers to take apprentices, the directors are considering the question of superintending the industrial education of the orphans themselves.

The possibilities within the reach of the managers of this trust can hardly be fully conceived. Under their wise administration it is becoming one of the most important of its kind in the country, and will take rank among the greatest educational charities of Christendom.

Cyprus has suddenly become famous, or rather it has recovered something of its long-lost fame. The English papers just now abound in historical reminiscences, which, bit by bit, fill up the record of its varied fortunes from the time of the early Phœnician settlements. Biblical students are reminded that the apostle PAUL made a tour through Cyprus, and while there converted the Roman Governor SERGIUS PAULUS to Christianity. BARNABAS, his companion, was a native of this island. Unquestionably Cyprus will be now explored by antiquarians as it never has been before.

The news from the Vatican is important. The bishops recently appointed have been directed to obtain from their governments the necessary authority to take possession of their sees. The Pope and the Sultan have come to an understanding, and have composed their differences. The Papal Nuncio at Munich, it is said, will have charge of the dioceses and bishops of Prussia. If this be true, it is a step toward settlement; and to this may be added the report that the Pope and Prince BISMARCK are negotiating for the establishment of a *modus vivendi* between the papacy and Germany, with the prospect of success.

The use of the Bible in the schools of the London School Board is working out results which will be of interest to American educators. The act of 1870 puts the entire question of religious instruction under the control of the board. Attendance upon Bible teaching is wholly voluntary, and yet 188,000 children have accepted it. As many as 105,000 children competed this year for the 4000 Bibles which are distributed as prizes for proficiency in Biblical knowledge. The prizes are the gift of Mr. PEEK and the London Tract Society. They were distributed at the Crystal Palace in the presence of an immense crowd.

At the Round Lake Sunday-school Assembly, which closed July 26, the representatives of the Churches interested held separate meetings for the discussion of denominational Sunday-school work. At one of the Presbyterian meetings an address to that Church was adopted, in which the General Assembly is urged to organize a Normal Sunday-school Department. It begins to be clear that Normal training will be ingrafted upon the Sunday-school system of the United States. It is true that Sunday-school teaching, being voluntary, is unpaid, but it has been proved that if facilities for training in teaching are offered, many are ready to use them to the extent of their ability. The motive which leads teachers to Sunday-school work is strong enough to engage them in training for the highest efficiency therein.

Church debt paying proves to be epidemic, for which, especially if the churches will undertake to keep out of debt henceforth, the people will be grateful. The *Congregationalist* publishes a record of $1,354,534 of church debts discharged in the last six months. The table is far from complete, for many instances of debt-paying do not get to public notice beyond the range of local prints. In the relief of six churches Mr. EDWARD KIMBALL has raised $152,000.

The Irish Sunday Closing Bill, intended to apply to the liquor trade, has been fought in the British House of Commons with a persistence unusual to Parliament. On the night of July 11 the debate on passing it to a third reading was prolonged till three o'clock in the morning. Dilatory motions were resorted to by the minority, after the fashion of our Congressmen, but with no effect. The hesitation which has marked the progress of this measure is in keeping with the caution always shown by the English people in changing old customs. In order to obtain the support of the Conservative leaders, the promoters of the bill have had to consent to an exemption of five of the largest towns of Ireland from its operation.

The death is announced of Cardinal ALEXANDER FRANCHI, the Pope's Secretary of State. He was born in Rome in 1819. Much of his official life had been spent as nuncio and delegate to European powers. In 1873 he was made a cardinal by Pope PIUS IX., and placed at the head of the Congregation of the Propaganda. Cardinal FRANCHI was a leading candidate for the papal succession, and received a large vote. His death occurred on the 1st of August.

Record has been made in this column of the aims of the Free-seat Church Society (Protestant Episcopal) in this country. There is a like society in London, and its anniversary sermon was delivered last month in St. Paul's Cathedral by Bishop DOANE, of the diocese of Albany. The noticeable feature of the sermon was the vehemence with which the pewing system was denounced. "When men," said the preacher, "have built, and by a solemn act of religious service have consecrated, a church, and set it apart as a house of God, is it conceivable that they should proceed to take away what they have given, and for a money value assign to any human being the right not merely to occupy but to keep empty so many square feet in that house which they had made a pretense of dedicating to the Almighty?" The sermon has attracted much attention both here and in England.

The Swiss "Christian Catholic" Synod was held this year at Aarau, and not at Berne. Great prosperity was reported by Bishop HERZOG. The adherents of the Church are 80,000; the priests, 75; parishes, 61; children under instruction, 3066; the confirmations during the year were 1166. Changes have been made by the resignation of priests, but the vacant places have been quickly filled. The council of the city of Geneva has handed over a third church to the Christian Catholics. Nine students were ordained to the ministry during the year, and eleven students are now under training. The Synod determined that it was permissible to administer the communion to the laity in both kinds.

Miss CATHERINE WINKWORTH, who died July 1, in Savoy, will be remembered as the compiler of the *Lyra Germanica*—a volume which introduced many English readers to the treasures of German Christian song. She also published the lives of Pastor FLIEDNER, the founder of the School of Protestant Deaconesses at Kaiserwerth, and of AMELIA W. SIEVEKING. Miss WINKWORTH was a friend of Baron BUNSEN, and a lady of beautiful character.

Mail advices to the end of May have been received from the famine districts of China. The report is that the chief reliance for help must come from foreign contributors; the contributions of American and European residents will be inadequate to mitigate the prevalent suffering. Of the method of relief the Rev. JONATHAN TEES, whose field is in Chih-li and Shan-tung, gives this description: "Up to this time 127 villages and market towns have received careful inspection and a large amount of help. The total population assisted is not less than 6000. We expect during the week to relieve some 2000 more, bringing the number up to 8000 odd. The work is trying to both mind and body, involving, as it does, personal visits to the families in every case. We give nothing except at the homes of the people."

Presbyterians and Baptists have adopted the camp-meeting in its new form, that of recreation tempered with religious worship. There could be no better combination, none more wholesome for body and spirit. Among the Thousand Isles of the St. Lawrence, Methodists and Presbyterians have selected one about nine miles in length, and have established parks at the opposite ends. On the last day of July the Bethune Chapel of the Westminster or Presbyterian Park was dedicated with appropriate services. There was a large representation of noted Presbyterians, among them the Rev. Drs. ADAMS, PRIME, and ROGERS, of this city, Professor WILLIAMS, of Yale, and others. Dr. BETHUNE, who spent many vacations here fishing, and whose sweet sermons to the fishermen are a tradition of the region, was affectionately remembered.

Among the centenary commemorations so numerous this year will be that of AUGUSTUS TOPLADY, the author of the well-known hymn, "Rock of Ages." He died on the 11th of August, 1778, and that day of this year has been selected as the memorial day. TOPLADY was the son of an army officer, and went to school with COWPER and CHURCHILL. He was one of the promoters of the evangelical revival in the Church of England in which WESLEY bore so large a part. He was, however, a bitter antagonist of WESLEY, the two disagreeing on the subject of predestination. His famous hymn is, however, most catholic in its spirit, and has found universal acceptance in Protestant churches. He was an eager controversialist, pungent in satire, and yet a man of liberal political opinions. When LOUIS BLANC delivered in Paris during July his polished eulogium upon ROUSSEAU, every one felt that the author of the *Social Contract* makes a poor figure as a hero. It is necessary to draw a veil over the private conduct of the French writer who revolutionized the politics of Europe. It is a relief, at the end of a century, to recount the virtues of one whose life was without a stain, and whose beautiful song is likely to lead the devotions of Christians for many centuries.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A CELEBRATED composer wrote to a friend requesting the pleasure of his company "to luncheon; key of G." His friend, a thorough musician, interpreted the invitation rightly, and came to the composer's house for a luncheon at one sharp.

The woman who maketh a good pudding in silence is better than she who maketh a tart reply.

The discovery has been made that the world does not revolve with the same motion that it did a thousand years ago; but it still swings around fast enough to satisfy the man with a heavy bill coming due.

"What's the man yelling at?" asked an Illinois farmer of his boy. "Why," chuckled the boy, "he's yelling at the top of his voice."

The height of politeness is passing round upon the opposite side of a lady, while walking with her, in order not to step upon her shadow.

"Clergymen," remarks an exchange, "like railway brakemen, do a great deal of coupling." Ah, yes; and the coupled ones do all the switching.

"Well," remarked a city philosopher during the progress of a scorching sun spot, "when I can't get cool any other way, I go home and have a breeze with my wife."

A heated lover wrote a letter of the same to his inamorata last week, beginning, "Sweatest." She will be a sister to him hereafter—nothing more.

A CUTTING REJOINDER.—A herd-boy, on receiving his wages from his master, purchased a lantern. The master quizzed him rather sorely on the point, and asked him what he intended doing with his lantern. "I'm gaun tae tak' it wi' me tae coort," was the reply. "I never used tae tak' a lantern wi' me tae coort," answered the master. "I thocht sae," muttered the boy; "yer choice shows that."

The most remarkable exhibition of cur-age on record is that of an Oriskany dog thirty-eight years old.

Jones and Brown were walking past a Yonkers house one evening, when a man, who appeared to have been hurled violently from the doorway, fell to the bottom of the steps. "What do you suppose knocked him down?" asked Brown. "Oh, as usual," said Jones, as he caught sight of the man's wife, "woman was the power behind the thrown."

"Were there any aliens and strangers among the Jews at the time of their journey to the promised land?" asked the superintendent last Sunday. "No," replied the smart bad boy on the back seat, "they were all to the manna born." School closed with singing.

Some one said to a man who had seen much of the world: "A certain person has been talking against you." "That surprises me," said the other, "for I have never rendered him any service."

An orator who was much in demand in political campaigns, being asked by an admirer the secret of his success, replied: "When I have facts, I give 'em facts; but when I haven't, I yell and saw the air."

"Did you ever dabble in stocks?" asked a lawyer of a witness who was known to have fled from his native land to this asylum of the free. "Well, yes; I got my foot in 'em once, in the old country," was the reply.

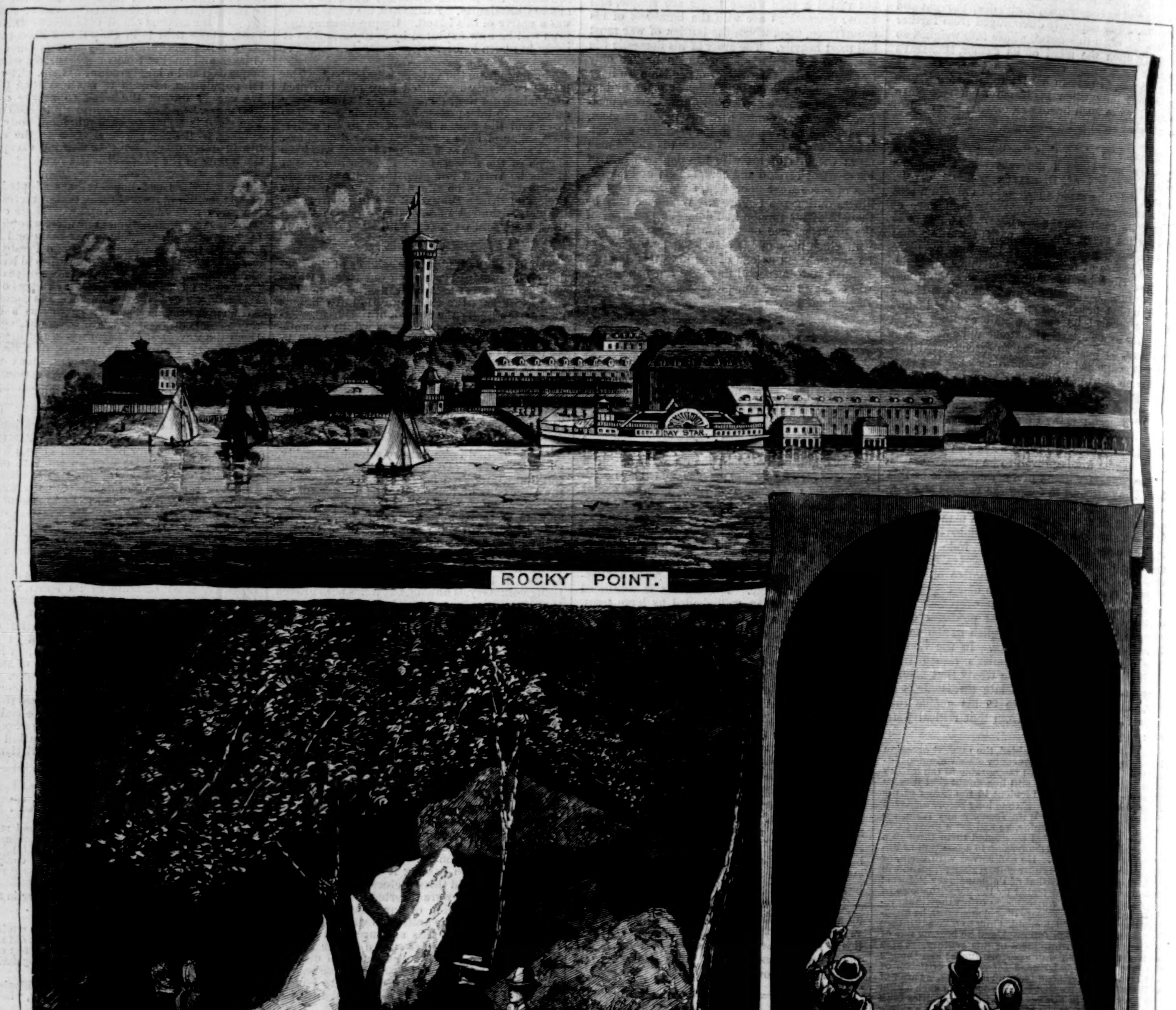
The Leo is the name of a new summer shoe. One lady has bought thirteen pairs, and speaks of the last as Leo XIII.

ANNIE. "Can you tell me, ma, why the perfume on the handkerchief of my dear Augustus is like me shooting an arrow at a target?"

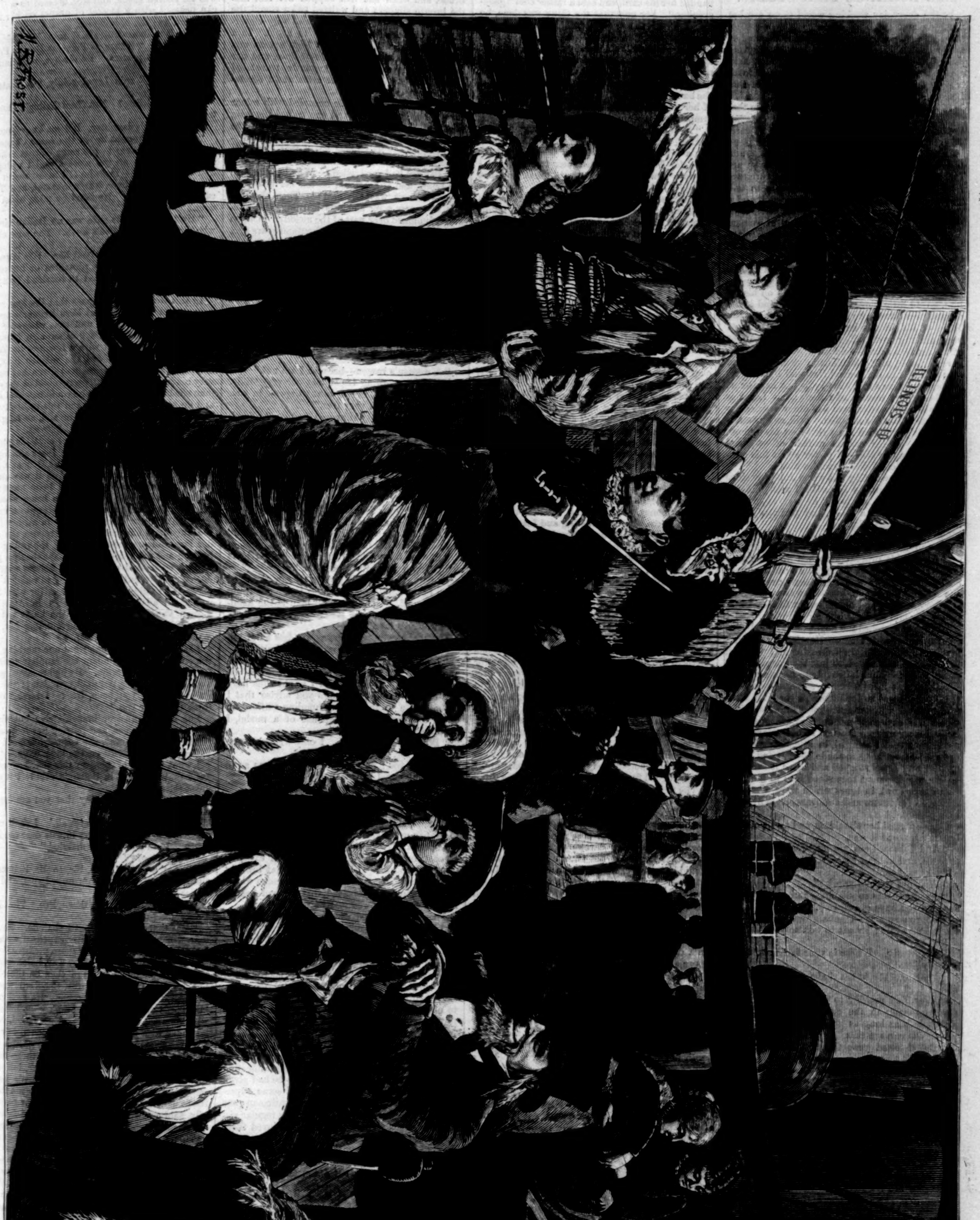
MA. "No, my dear, I don't see the similarity; why is it?"

ANNIE. "Because its aro, ma, scent from my beau."

[*Ma faints.*



ROCKY POINT, NARRAGANSETT BAY.—Drawn by C. Graham from Sketches by H. N. Cady.—[See Page 671.]



THE GEORGE WASHINGTON JONES FAMILY EN ROUTE FOR PARIS.—[Drawn by A. B. Frost.]

THE ROMANCE OF A STUDIO.

In the every-day working world there are hot sunshine and rattle of carriages, the ceaseless tread of restless feet and the confused Babel of a thousand different sounds. But in the very throng of it one can turn into a long high hall, climb a wide dim stairway, and enter a totally different place and atmosphere: that is Don Lepel's studio.

It is a lofty room, far above the street, so that "the still, sad music of humanity" only reaches it as a pleasant murmur. Its lights are all carefully mellowed, yet in its cool silence there is no lack of suggestive companionship. Gods and goddesses from Olympus, beautiful as ever, are there, and old tapestry and armor and furniture from feudal castles have their own tale to tell. There are sketch-books lying all around, and a volume of Tennyson open on a *prie-dieu*, its margins covered with fragments of beautiful women.

Four easels are in the room, on each an unfinished picture, and the whole air of the place is that of still, thoughtful, purposeful work. For if Lepel is a painter, he is not one of the traditional order. There are no crushed rose-buds, or unstrung guitars, or thumbed Anacreons on his tables. Odd little gloves and play-bills and knots of crumpled ribbons he has no acquaintance with. None of his friends have ever accused him of verse-making or of gallantry. Lepel is a painter of the modern school—industrious and thoroughly respectable, with a fashionable visiting list, and a good credit in the Second National Bank.

I am sorry to admit that he is not handsome. People expect beauty of artists; but Lepel is short and rather stout, and has other deficiencies not worth particular mention. Still, as he stands before his easel with his palette on his thumb, calling up on his canvas a face of exquisite beauty, there is a sense of power about this ordinary man which almost ennobles him.

He has been working this warm June day since early morning, and he is satisfied with himself. "I will go to the Park now," he says, approvingly; "I shall enjoy a stroll, and perhaps I may take a pull up the lake."

That was Lepel's very sensible idea of recreation; and he had quite tired himself with the first part of his programme when he came to a little rustic seat under some pines near the upper boat-house. There was a girl sitting reading at one end of the bench, but she was very young and very shabby, and he did not in the least fear that she would consider him an intrusion.

At first he watched the boats, but gradually his companion attracted him. Her form was faultless, and he found himself dressing and posing it in all the characters which just then occupied his pencil. Of her face he could see nothing at all, for there was a little brown sun-shade between them. This was so far favorable that it allowed him to make a thumb-nail sketch of her attitude, which was extremely natural and graceful; and he had scarcely done it when fortune played him a pleasant trick: the girl, in attempting to tear open a leaf, let her sun-shade slip; it fell to the ground, and Lepel stooped and lifted it for her.

The next moment they stood face to face, and Lepel exclaimed, in tones which were a strange mixture of pleasure and annoyance, "Why, Bee! Is it possible!"

Bee shrugged her shoulders, and said, petulantly, she supposed it was.

"And I have been sitting beside you twenty minutes, and did not know you."

"I knew you."

"Why did you not speak?"

"My dress was so shabby—and my shoes. I suppose you have grown rich."

"Do you suppose I have grown a snob also, Bee? Sit down; I want to talk to you."

"Really?"

"Yes, really. Where is your father now?"

"He died last summer."

"Poor child! What have you been doing since?"

"I can find nothing to do. During the opera season I sang in the chorus, and I made my money last as long as possible. But I am very poor; you can see that."

"Bee, I owed your father some money for copying—"

"No, you did not, Mr. Lepel. You can not offer me charity on that plea. But if you know any way to get me work, that would be a great kindness; if not, I must live as the birds do, from crumb to crumb, till winter comes."

"Suppose you let me board you with Signor Z——. He would prepare you for a better engagement, and you could pay me from your first receipts—for your father's sake, Bee?"

"Why should you do this for father's sake? You were not friends; you had not been to see us for four years. I heard that you had rich patrons, and had grown proud."

"I would like to help you, Bee, if you would trust me."

"I might trust you, but how could I trust circumstances? Very likely they would turn against me; and really I should do you little credit. I could never make a *prima donna*, perhaps not even a passable concert singer. I have learned that the world despises mediocrity in art, and I shall never excel. I used to think I was vastly clever, but to-day I know I am but a very ordinary girl."

"Well, Bee, I will make you another offer. I want a model, say, from two to four hours a day. You will have to stand in very fatiguing postures, and I shall perhaps get cross and unreasonable, and forget you are Beatrice Erling; but I will give you the highest terms, and pay you every day as you earn the money."

"What will you give me?"

"Fifty cents an hour."

"That will do. When shall I come?"

"To-morrow at ten o'clock."

The conversation had fallen into a purely business tone, and after these arrangements, Lepel handed her his card, and said a rather cool "good-evening." For now that the thing was done, he was uncertain as to its wisdom. In the first place, he had offered Bee unusually high terms; and in the second, he had voluntarily connected himself again with a class of artists for whom he had neither respect nor sympathy. He knew that he had been influenced by Bee's beauty, and that if she had been ugly or ill formed, his remembrances of her would not have led him to any such active sympathy.

"It is a bad plan," said this young man to himself, "to analyze one's good deeds. I have not a bit of self-complaisance in what I have done for Tom Erling's daughter to-night, and I suppose now she will soon be a great nuisance to me."

This rencontre compelled him, even against his inclination, to recall the gay, clever, idle fellow whom he had so long forgotten. "What an infinite genius that man had!" he muttered; "there was nothing he could not turn his pencil to; and as for music, it was his native tongue."

But, for all that, Tom Erling had been a failure and a broken promise. He worked irregularly, he never kept his word, he fell into debt, borrowed money, and by continual petty impositions sinned away his most faithful friends. And yet the man had some excuses; for he had been set to fight a battle for which nature had provided him with no weapons. Time! money! obligations! Tom knew the value of none of these things. He ought to have lived in some sunny Italian city, and been cared for as the ravens are.

Lepel had at first been charmed with his easy good-humor, his song and wit, and free-handed generosity. But men can't afford to pay success and fame for these pleasant things, and he had found himself compelled to drop an acquaintanceship which brought him nothing but unreasonable claims and annoyances.

Beatrice had then been a slipshod, ill-cared-for girl of twelve years old, perfectly familiar with all her father's shiftless, dishonorable ways of raising money. Scrambling breakfasts, disorderly dinners, alternate fasting and feasting, was the girl's domestic story. She had picked up a knowledge of reading and writing, and New York had done the rest for her. In some marvellous way she had acquired lady-like and rather reserved manners, and the knowledge of how to make the most of the little clothing she was able to procure.

But even among her father's associates she had no friends. These genial good fellows had nothing to spare from themselves. They all spoke pityingly of "poor little Bee," but not one of them would have denied himself a cigar for her sake. When her father could no longer protect her, she had even got to fear them, and to feel their notice of her, in some way or another, an insult.

But Don Lepel's offer was a different thing. She thought it over after he had left her, recalled his looks and tones, and felt satisfied. "You are a lucky little bench," she said, smiling, and touching almost superstitiously the rough wood, "and I feel as if good fortune had been making me a call."

The next evening she was rather more doubtful of it. Lepel had been very cool, and had made her fully earn her fifty cents an hour. However, as the weeks passed away, things grew pleasanter. Bee had plenty of tact, and had been in an excellent school for developing it. She saw at once that Lepel did not trust her, and that she would have to win his confidence. Indeed, Lepel was constantly expecting to find her the daughter of her father. He feared that she would break her word, forget her appointments, or ask for money in advance. As her reserve passed away, and she became witty and merry, or indulged herself in snatches of song or a new step in a dance, he expected these moral aberrations more and more.

But they did not come. Bee grew rosy-cheeked and light-hearted, began to dress with much taste, managed her small funds with discretion, and said, gratefully, "she began to see the good of living." In fact, before the winter was over she had got, through Lepel's influence, a comfortable little business as "model," and was making with her six hours' hard strain three dollars a day.

The June sunlight in which we first saw Lepel's studio is now January sunlight. Somehow the room has a bright look; perhaps it is the glowing fire on the hearth, perhaps it is the basket of flowers on the table, or perhaps it might be such a trifle as a cunning pair of bronze slippers trimmed with cherry-colored bows that are standing on the hearth-rug. Don Lepel has just put them there. It is a very, very cold morning; of course that accounts for the action. He stands looking at them with a dreamy look in his eyes, very unusual to those keen gray orbs, until he hears a clear quick footstep come pit-patting along the hall. Then he resumes his preoccupied air and his palette and pencil.

The door opens, and in comes Bee. Her face is like a rose, her eyes like stars; her dark blue suit has bits of snow all over it, and so has her trim little hat and feathers. She nods to Lepel, shakes herself jauntily, and then taking off her hat, fans it gently before the fire to recurl the feathers.

"Better put on your slippers, Bee. I can't have you take cold now, with these three pictures on hand."

"Which do I sit for this morning?"

"Ophelia. I have been painting the face from mademoiselle's photo; you will dress and pose for the character."

"I don't feel like the love-lorn damsel this morning. Bah! The idea of any woman dying for love, and the snow, and the sunshine, and the joys of music, and reading, and eating, and walking to live for! I suppose she was insane—of course she was."

She was unbuttoning her boots during this tirade, and when she had slipped her feet into the bronze slippers and waltzed twice round the room, dodging Apollo and Hercules very cleverly, she announced herself ready to begin. In a few minutes the secret of her high spirits was evident. Lepel read to her a few lines, and her face and hair and figure instantly translated them; the very droop of her arms was a revelation of physical sympathy.

Two or three times while occupied with minor details he let her rest, and she trailed the long robes of the Danish maiden up and down the room, chatting all the time in the merriest every-day manner. "Had Lepel heard that Clifford's picture was sold? Did he know that Harry Martin and Palozzi had quarrelled? Was he going to the Lotos, and if so, would he tell her how Miss K——'s dress was trimmed?" Then she told him of a new song she was learning, and obligingly hummed over part of the melody. And so back again to the heroine of a thousand years ago.

At last Lepel says, "That will do to-day, Bee. Will you go and have an oyster *pâté* with me, or is Clifford waiting for you?"

"I don't like oyster *pâtés*. If you will give me a quail I will go."

"Very well, Miss Extravagance, you have done admirably to-day, and you shall have a quail. Then are you going to Clifford's?"

"Why do you tease me about Clifford's? I am not going to Clifford's any more."

"But why not?"

"A woman's reason—because I am not."

The next morning Lepel met her very stiffly. "Before you robe, Bee, I want to speak to you. Sit down and warm your feet."

She put the pretty slippered feet on the fender, and looked curiously up at him. "Well?"

"Clifford was here last night, and I know why you would not go there yesterday. Think again, Bee. You might do much worse. I have tried to be your friend, and I must say this much."

"Oh! *You* advise me to marry Clifford." For a moment her face was ablaze with scorn, but the next her eyes sought Lepel's—just for a moment; he hesitated, and the chance was forever lost to him. Nothing could be more cold and sarcastic than her next attitude.

"Clifford has genius, Bee, and industry; he is struggling bravely for a position."

"I hate poor struggling men. I saw plenty of them in my childhood. Success is the one thing forever good. The successful man is the handsome man and the wise man; he alone is worthy of a woman's love."

She spoke extravagantly, as was her habit under excitement, but Lepel was annoyed at it.

"I do not like your advice," she continued, angrily. "You favored Montana because he could cultivate my voice, and I might thus have a career with him; and now you advise that I become wife to the poor struggling Clifford, in order to save him the expense of a model, I suppose."

"Don't be unjust, Bee. I only wished to see you cared for."

"Thank you; but I have my own ideas as to what being cared for means."

"Do you mind enlightening me?"

"Not at all. It means a luxurious home, servants and carriages, foreign travel, home entertainments, and a husband whose greatest joy is to gratify my wishes."

Lepel hardly knew whether she was in jest or earnest, for she stood up to make her explanation, and ended it with a pirouette that brought her suddenly face to face with a gentleman whose amused expression showed that he had been a listener to her avowed matrimonial position.

Then Lepel turned with a bow to his visitor, and Bee vanished behind an old oaken screen—a convenient place for an observation, and Bee was not above peeping at the intruder. He was a man of about fifty years of age, with a fine presence, and that indefinable auric atmosphere around him which envelops the confidently rich man. Bee liked his appearance, and was rather pleased to observe that he glanced around the room before leaving it; she was sure that he was looking for her.

There was no more now to be said about Clifford's hopes, and no more advice to be given to Bee; Lepel forgot every thing in his gratification at Mr. Belmar's visit and the orders he had given him. These orders really required some supervision, but hardly as much as that gentleman gave them. In a few weeks he was a very regular visitor at Lepel's studio. He said he enjoyed these visits, and it is probable he did. Bee's costumes and characters, her sunny good temper, her queer criticisms on players, politicians, artists, and the world in general, made it a constantly changing entertainment.

If Bee suspected that she had interested Mr. Belmar—which it is likely she discovered at once—Lepel certainly never did. He considered his patron as a genuine lover of art, and a peculiar admirer of his own peculiar style and coloring. That he should admire Bee's kitten-like movements, and applaud all her clever, keen little epigrams, was natural enough; he did that himself, and every body else did it.

Thus the winter passed pleasantly and profitably away. Bee had saved a little money, and was taking singing lessons. "If she was to have a career," she said, spitefully, to Lepel, "it should not be with any Montana." So now in her intervals of rest she sang scales and astonishing exercises; she said the lofty room suited her, and they objected to her practice in her boarding-house. Lepel had no objections to her rich musical intervals; besides, it gave him occasionally the pleasure of saying, "That is a false note, Bee."

It was again June, and Lepel had put the finishing touches to Mr. Belmar's last picture. He met that gentleman one warm afternoon in Union Square, and told him so. Then they turned toward the studio, and went up to look at it. It was an Italian scene, and Bee, dressed as a Tuscan peasant with a basket of grapes on her left shoulder, was the only figure.

"She is a beautiful girl," said Mr. Belmar, thoughtfully. "Either as Princess Bee or Peasant Bee she is perfect. By-the-bye, what is her name?"

"Her name," said Lepel, coldly, "is Beatrice Erling."

"Erling? Erling? Not Tom Erling's daughter?"

"Tom Erling's daughter. Did you know Tom?"

"We were brought up in the same Connecticut village, and went to the same district school. Tom beat me in all the classes, and I whipped him out of them. Then he fell in love with my sister—in short, there was a quarrel, and Tom came to New York. He must be poor, to let his daughter—"

"He is dead. His wife was an Italian singer who died soon after Bee's birth. The poor child has no relatives."

"I will tell my sister about her. She is an invalid now, with very few pleasures or interests. I am sure she will be glad to befriend Tom Erling's daughter."

In this way it came to pass that Bee was soon very constantly visiting at Miss Belmar's pretty cottage on the Hudson, and that whenever she was there, Miss Belmar's brother also found it convenient to come out with a few new books or some early fruit. Indeed, the maiden lady, almost confined to her house, had given her heart very readily to this bright, pretty child of the only man she had ever loved. She could befriend Bee, and do something for her; and this in itself was a great pleasure to the poor invalid, so long the recipient and not the giver of kindness.

So when in early July Lepel shut his studio and went away for four months, Bee's small personal effects were removed to Miss Belmar's, and she spent the summer there. And it was amusing to see what easily detected little plots and plans this lady laid in order to bring about a marriage that had been already determined upon.

Bee had never been so happy in all her life; the sweetness and coolness and repose, the tender love and ceaseless attentions, the riding and boating and moonlight strolls, made the time pass like an enchanted dream. Mr. Belmar watched her constantly, but found nothing in which it was necessary to direct or advise her, for with that wonderful adaptive tact inherent in American women she caught not only the habit but the tone of the circumstances surrounding her, and made them a part of herself.

Early in November she went one morning into the city and climbed again the familiar stairway leading to Lepel's studio. He had resumed work, and met her with a petulant complaint: "Where on earth have you been, Bee? I have written three times for you."

She did not answer immediately; but sitting down before the fire, and putting her feet on the fender in her old way, she turned her head and looked rather sadly down the long room. "Lepel, what charm is there in this life, I wonder? Who that has lived in Bohemia ever left it without a sigh?"

"You don't mean to say that you are leaving it?"

"Yes, I came to say 'farewell.' I shall never make money or make merry in this dear old room again. I am going to be married."

"To Clifford?"

"What an idea! No, Sir, to Mr. Belmar. I shall order pictures of you now, Lepel, and patronize you dreadfully."

"Don't pull my prices down, Bee. That is all I ask."

"But that is exactly what I shall do. Mr. Belmar will have a great many expenses with me. I shall not let him buy any more pictures."

She spoke in her old saucy way, balancing her muff first on one hand and then on the other; but in spite of her jesting way, Lepel saw she was in earnest about her marriage. He said a few low words of congratulation, and went busily on with his work. Bee felt instantly sobered. Was he angry with her? Was he jealous of her good fortune, or selfishly sorry to lose so good a model? If Bee had believed it any of these things, her tongue would have avenged her, but some look on the grave, sorrowful face made her remember the moment when she had seen Love's confession trembling on his lips. She rose quietly, said a few words of gratitude and farewell, and, before Lepel could answer them, was gone.

Then Lepel, taking from a shelf a pair of small bronze slippers, locked them carefully away, and with them locked away the one love of his life. He worked harder than usual, worked till the room was cold and dark, then, throwing down his pencil, he made his only complaint on the subject: "I don't blame her; she never knew; I hardly knew myself. Well, well, life is full of 'might have beens.'"

Again the January snow is in the brisk cold air, and Lepel's cheery studio has its old look of earnest labor. He is before his easel, but he is not working with his usual serious attention. The reason lies on the table beside him in the shape of a note of invitation to dinner at Mr. Belmar's. A year has passed since he saw Bee, and he is not at all in love now, but still she possesses a greater interest for him than any other woman. He wonders how she will look, and what she will say, and whether he himself ought not to buy a new evening suit for the occasion. Also there is dimly present a pleasant expectation of orders, for Lepel is never oblivious to such profitable contingencies.

Still, if he had one selfish thought, he forgot it in nobler feelings when he saw Bee again that night. Standing in his quiet recess, he watched the beautiful woman, serene in temper, elegant in manners, and exquisitely clothed, guide the whole entertainment charmingly to its end. Her

husband—still her lover—trusted absolutely in her, and his sister watched her with a pride that was almost motherly; it was evident she was to be a woman of great domestic and social influence.

Lepel sat long that night over his studio fire thinking about her. "How often I have scolded her in this very room! how often she has said 'Thank you' for a two-dollar bill right here on this hearth-rug! and yet how cleverly she made me feel, without a shade of pride or unkindness, that she was now Mrs. Belmar! Belmar has got a *model* wife." And Lepel smiled grimly at the only pun he had ever made. "Now no man could slip into a position like that, and fit it so exquisitely; but women puzzle me more and more every year—especially American women."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

LATE advices in regard to the Norwegian North Atlantic expedition on the *Vöringen* inform us that a start was to be made on the 15th of June from Bergen, with the intention of reaching Tromsöe by the 19th, and proceeding thence to Alten Fiord, and afterward to Hammerfest. From Hammerfest the route was to be eastward, in order to examine the relations between depth and animal life. After touching at Vardoe the vessel was to proceed to a point midway between Vardoe and Nova Zembla, where soundings were to be made, and the boundaries of the ice-cold water in the polar sea determined. This is thought to be especially important in connection with the movements of the Norwegian capelin or lodde, the favorite bait in the north of Europe for the cod. The expedition was to return to Hammerfest on the 7th of July to renew its supplies, and then to start for a new cruise to the navigable waters north of Jan-Mayen, thence to the Greenland ice, where the seal-fishing is usually carried on. This region, being entirely unsurveyed, will doubtless furnish many important facts in regard to the depth, temperature, and inhabitants of the ocean. Returning again to Hammerfest, the third cruise is to commence on the 29th of July, and the vessel be occupied in the survey of the navigable waters between Bear Island and Spitzbergen, where there is a profitable shark fishery; and thence to the deep water on the west coast of Spitzbergen, where from 300,000 to 400,000 fish are annually caught. It is thought, however, that in view of the recent discovery of a great cod bank off the Loffoden Islands, the fishermen will hereafter find more remunerative employment nearer home. One of the important results of the scientific expeditions of the Norwegian government has been the determination of new fishing grounds and better information about the old ones, thus adding greatly to the industrial resources of the country. It is anticipated that the cruise will be completed by the middle of September, and that the vessel will then return for the winter to the harbor of Horten. As heretofore, the *Vöringen* will be commanded by Captain WILLE, of the Norwegian navy, with Dr. MOHN as meteorologist, Dr. G. O. SARS, of Christiania, Dr. DANIELSSEN, of Bergen, and Herr FRIELE, as zoologists, together with a chemist, physicist, and artist.

The notice of the death of Admiral Sir GEORGE BACK, in June last, in the eighty-first year of his age, recalls to mind one of the heroes of arctic travel, whose services have almost been forgotten. As early as 1818 he accompanied Sir JOHN FRANKLIN in his overland expedition from Hudson Bay to the Coppermine River, although this was not his first experience of the arctic regions, as he had previously made a voyage to Spitzbergen. In 1825 he again accompanied Sir JOHN FRANKLIN on an arctic expedition, made for the purpose of co-operating with Captain BEECHY and Captain PARRY in their search for a northwest passage. In 1833 he was appointed to conduct the expedition for seeking and relieving Sir JOHN ROSS, and of this a detailed account was subsequently published. In 1836 he made another Greenland voyage in the *Terror*, and nearly reached Repulse Bay, thus closing his page of history in connection with arctic exploration.

The August number of the *American Naturalist* contains a description by Professor COPE of a new saurian from the Rocky Mountains, which even exceeds in proportions the monsters already discovered in that region. A vertebra of this beast has been received in Philadelphia which is estimated to measure over six feet in elevation, and as requiring a thigh bone twelve feet in length. The construction of this vertebra is astonishingly light, the walls and processes being as thin as pasteboard and paper. In fact, such a structure was clearly incapable of sustaining the weight of the muscles, so that it becomes an interesting question as to the mode of life of such a being. As the bones are somewhat like those of deep-sea fishes, Professor COPE suggests that this and similar species walked on the bottom of the sea, and browsed on the algæ and other vegetation which grew on the shore or land. This animal is called *Amphicœlias fragillimus*.

Baron von Bibra, who died on the 5th of June, at Nuremberg, presented a remarkable combination of savant and novelist. In his earlier years he acquired much distinction by the publication of sundry chemical researches, especially upon the bones and teeth of man and the mammalia. These were followed by a critical investigation of the diseases of workmen in match factories. In 1845 he prosecuted extensive investigations in South America, and published detailed reports of his observations. Next followed memoirs on *materia medica* and food products, and on archæology; and, mixed with these, were a large number of novels and sketches, which were much esteemed by his contemporaries.

The precise nature of the white-bait so dear to the Englishman in connection with dinners at Greenwich and elsewhere has lately acquired an interest in our own country, from the fact that an article under this name has been offered for sale by some prominent fish-mongers of Fulton Market, New York. The reputation of white-bait as an article of food has naturally caused considerable speculation as to its nature, many persons stoutly insisting that it is a species of small herring peculiar to British waters. Quite lately the diminution of the British fisheries has renewed the inquiry as to the nature of white-bait; and, among others, the British Commissioners of Fisheries, Messrs. BUCKLAND and WALPOLE, have been engaged in investigating the subject. Mr. BUCKLAND, in a recent article in his paper, *Land and Water*, has given a résumé of what he believes to be the facts in this case. He states that the sale of white-bait for market extends from about the middle of February till the end of August, the supply in that interval varying very much with the character of the season. He finds white-bait to be a mixture of the following fish in the order of their abundance: young herring, sprats, sticklebacks, gobies, weavers, sand-eels, pipe-fish, white shrimps, and buntings. So far he has not detected any shad. As sold in England the fish composing the white-bait are seldom more than one and a half or two inches in length. Larger fish than these are not marketable.

The forty-eighth meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science will be held at Dublin on the 14th of August, under the presidency of WILLIAM SPOTTISWOODE, who succeeds Professor ALLEN THOMPSON.

It is announced that a contract for the construction of a canal across the Isthmus of Panama has been finally ratified between the government of Colombia and the International Committee for the Construction of a Canal across the Isthmus of Darien. One of the conditions mentioned is that the new canal is to be entirely neutral, and open to the commerce of the world. It is also stipulated that it is to be completed by 1895. The canal company receives a grant of land 200 yards wide on each side of the canal, together with 1,000,000 acres of land to be selected at its own discretion.

Attention has recently been called to the defacement of brick fronts of houses by white efflorescence, accompanied by a disintegration of the mortar, producing not merely a disfigurement, but a serious injury to the edifice. A number of communications have appeared in the *Journal of the Franklin Institute* upon this subject. It appears that this is due primarily to lime made from magnesian limestone, and consequently containing a certain percentage of magnesia. Some clays, containing a small percentage of magnesia, when made into bricks, although showing for a time the efflorescence referred to, lose it by action of the rain. It is, however, the magnesia in the mortar that causes the more serious evil. The vapors produced by the burning of coal gas, and by the combustion of coal permeate the magnesia of the lime, or are driven against it by the rain, and cause efflorescence on the surface of the mortar, and ultimately destroy the latter, so as to render the aid of the plasterer necessary in renewing and repointing.

Mr. PEMBERTON, in an article in a late number of the *Journal*, remarks that the magnesian mortar is greatly preferred by many bricklayers as retaining its softness for a longer period than pure mortar, and thus permitting a larger number of bricks to be laid at one time. As many as seven or eight bricks can be put in place with the magnesian mortar before this requires pointing up with the trowel, but with pure lime mortar this can not be done to an extent of more than three or four bricks, as it will not permit a union between the new ones and those already laid. On this account the pure and more desirable mortar is rejected, and it is frequently impossible to induce the workman to use it.

THE GREAT SOLAR ECLIPSE.

[See Illustration on Front Page.]

GEORGETOWN, COLORADO, *July* 31, 1878.

AT 11.45 upon the day of the eclipse your correspondent found himself, with a party of ladies and gentlemen, *en route* to the Argentine or Snake River Pass, nine miles distant, upon the Sierra Madre, at an elevation of 13,156 feet above the sea. This point of observation was chosen for a twofold purpose, viz., its altitude, and the extended view obtained from its summit, embracing a wonderful panorama of the great ranges of the Saguache, Escalente, and Sangre de Christo west and south, the continuous line of the Sierra Madre north and northwesterly, and a broad sweep of stretching plains to the east.

After a charming ride up the beautiful valley of Leavenworth Creek, and a halt for refreshment at JESTICE'S cabin, nestling in the scattering timber terminating the line of arborescent vegetation, we struck out for the pass, reaching its crest at 2 P.M. Mr. MATTHEWS, formerly of New York city, volunteered to keep time; Mr. SCHWARZ, of the Massachusetts School of Technology, and Mr. BURNET, of Cincinnati, undertook the delicate task of announcing the moment of totality; and your correspondent's business upon the summit is apparent in the accompanying drawing.

Several minutes before first contact a very peculiar orange light was discernible in the atmosphere, which, upon contact, changed to a color approximating a mixture of steel-gray and lilac; and as the obscuring body slowly but steadily continued its progress, this strange light became more pronounced, merging into intense purple in the shadows of the crags of Gray's Peak, only a mile or so to the west, across the *cul-de-sac* of the head waters of Snake River. The moment of first contact was announced as 2 hours 19 minutes 0¼ seconds, and at 3 hours 9 minutes 0¼ seconds three-quarters of the sun's disk was obscured. At 3 hours 12 minutes 0 seconds the great orb looked only like the newest of new moons, and the wonderful light over all the grand landscape was not of sunlight, or moonlight, or starlight, or twilight, and an adequate description, beyond stating the tint as a peculiar lilac, is impossible.

At this moment we perceived the great shadow sweeping down upon us from the northwest, and the distant sky along the horizon northeast and southwest assumed the yellow hue common to the moment just before sunrise. Long's Peak, northward, and Mount of the Holy Cross, northwest, first fell under the awful pall, then Gray's Peak, and a second later the sun, with one brilliant scintillation, expired, leaving our position in darkness, and totality commenced at 3 hours 25 minutes 5 seconds. The scene was now one of surprising beauty, for Pike's Peak, far away to the south, still remained in sunlight, looming in rosy outline, while the horizon that a moment before was ochre, now glowed with red, gold, pink, and lilac.

A second or two more Mount Evans, Pike's Peak, and all the ranges south bore us company in the darkness. Procyon and Venus shows in the west and northwest; Zosma glimmered in the southeast, Castor and Pollux in the east, and Mercury and Regulus from the sun southwesterly, while the corona itself gleamed around the moon's edge with a pale nebulous light, and the heavens above acquired a shade of blue that mortal can not describe.

Standing upon the summit of the Argentine, the highest pass in North America, the value of our position was enhanced when we discovered that the vision penetrated beyond the side lines of the great shadow, and the astonishing colors beyond this limit amply repaid us for the fatigue of the trip.

After a lapse of 2 minutes 44⅔ seconds the sun re-appeared with a magnificent flash, and we noticed passing along the ground the strange orange light we had seen before.

As the great peaks emerged from the gloom to the south they looked like huge ghosts, and the light that imbued the atmosphere gave them the appearance of being ten times farther away.

During totality the sharp breeze sweeping over the elevated ridges became so intensely cold that we actually suffered, and the re-appearance of the sun was hailed with pleasure.

We did not wait to see last contact, as some of our party, and especially the ladies, were chilled, so that a retreat to JESTICE'S was deemed prudent, and we returned a thoroughly satisfied and delighted cavalcade. The rainy season ended just in time, and a glorious day presented itself upon the occasion, to the extreme satisfaction of the scores of scientists who were visiting our State.

In regard to protuberances, we must confess to not having discovered any from our standpoint, and Vulcan, too, managed to hide himself from our scrutiny. ST. GEORGE STANLEY.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IN this country the science of keeping cool in hot weather is not well understood. Generally our "heated terms" are of so brief duration that we make little systematic and sensible preparation for them. Health and comfort would be greatly promoted by such modifications of dress, diet, and exercise as are physiologically demanded. And yet how many, even through midsummer, cling to kid gloves, high black hats, black coats, heavily trimmed bonnets, black silk and woolen dresses, and eat meats and stimulating food, just as if the blood needed no more cooling than it does in January! The London *Standard* tells us that in the sultry summer days a Frenchman apparels himself in low shoes, and trousers of "duck" or nankeen; his shirt collar expands; his neck-tie dwindles to an apology; waistcoat he altogether discards; his coat is of thin alpaca or the lightest Tussore silk; his hat of white felt or of straw; nor is he ashamed to boldly carry an umbrella. His house, especially if it be on the sunny side of the street, is regulated with equal care and forethought. The carpets are taken up; the heavy jalousies are shut before sunrise, and kept closed throughout the day; the court-yard is hourly watered; and in households where small expenses are matter of little moment a large bowl of ice and water, or a pyramid of solid ice, surrounded by flowers, forms the centre ornament of the table. What the individual citizen does for himself, that the municipality of Paris does for the entire city. Long before the Parisians are astir the streets have been well watered with a hose, and the *trottoir* thoroughly washed down. Along the boulevards and in most of the principal avenues large trees gratefully cool the atmosphere, and suggest a pleasant sort of lotus-eating dream of wood and field. Each thoroughfare has its shady side, and one comes frequently across some little café, with its awning drawn over the pavement, and with chairs and marble tables, where the thirsty soul who demands of the *garçon* even a cup of cold water, and tenders for it his three sous, will receive a courteous welcome. As for the French "drinks"—cups that "cool but not inebriate"—their praises can not be too loudly sung or too widely spread. In Italian cities during midsummer business is suspended at noon, and every body sleeps or rests until the cooling evening approaches, when the streets are again thronged. In Cuba a stout cloth stretched on the bed frame is used instead of a mattress. And generally in southern and tropical countries the diet consists largely of fresh, ripe, cooling fruits.

The Marquis of Lorne has been appointed Governor-General of Canada, and will doubtless receive a most cordial welcome there. The marquis is a man of education and culture; and the Princess Louise, his wife, is beloved for her good sense and amiability.

Lightning seems especially fatal this season. During a recent shower a "Gospel tent" in Philadelphia was struck by lightning, and one child killed, and others seriously injured. At the time there were about fifteen persons in the tent, all of whom felt the shock. But had the accident occurred an hour later, there would have been over one hundred children in the tent, and probably many more would have been injured.

It seems astonishing that in such a city as New York, in a public thoroughfare, and in broad daylight, a man could be robbed of something like three thousand dollars without being able to obtain help of a single individual. Such were the facts, however, in the case of Mr. Charles H. Stone, as he was carrying $2950 from the West Side Savings-Bank to the Hale Piano Manufactory in West Thirty-fourth Street. As he was crossing Ninth Avenue, the money being in his coat pockets, three men jumped from a cart and forcibly robbed him. Mr. Stone threw a package of bills to a passing telegraph messenger, who attempted to secure it, but was overpowered by the ruffians, who jumped into the cart and drove away as soon as they had secured their booty. All this happened in a frequented thoroughfare, but nobody who saw the occurrence attempted to interfere. No policemen were near. Mr. Stone followed the robbers, and meeting an express wagon, jumped in, and persuaded the driver to pursue them. But they were already too far on their way to make this of any avail. They soon disappeared, and at this time of writing no clew to their identity has been discovered.

It is stated in foreign journals that the Queen of Spain, instead of being kept quiet at the critical hour in the turn of the typhoid fever, was subjected to visits from her parents, made anxious by the sufferings of her husband, and excited by the forebodings of those about her. Few if any diseases demand more perfect quietness than typhoid fever.

The sixth field meeting of the Appalachian Mountain Club will be held at North Conway on August 21, on which occasion interesting papers will be read upon important topics. Excursions will probably be arranged to Mounts Moat, Chocorua, Carrigain, and Willey, and through the Notch.

A bright boy, six years old, living in this city, was bitten in the cheek by a large German shepherd dog early in July. The dog was not supposed to be mad, but probably bit the child on being accidentally hurt by him. The wound was cauterized, and healed rapidly. But about four weeks afterward the boy showed symptoms of hydrophobia, and died after much suffering, which, however, was mitigated by the administration of chloroform.

It will be remembered that last winter a fatal accident happened in the elevator of the Grand Hotel, Paris, involving the loss of three lives. The courts have acquitted the manufacturer of the apparatus, but sentenced the engineer to a month's imprisonment and 200 francs fine, and declared that the proprietor of the hotel is civilly responsible.

After many unsuccessful efforts, the *Eurydice*, which was capsized some months ago, and sank with all on board off the Isle of Wight, has been raised. Much interest has been manifested in regard to the accomplishing of this matter, but its success is now assured.

The sun was eclipsed—by clouds—on July 29, in this vicinity, and there was no occasion to use the smoked glass prepared for the purpose of viewing a phenomenon more rare than a clouded sky. Parties who journeyed to the far West, however, met with better fortune, and obtained a good view of the total eclipse, and the observations made will prove of great value to science.

A catalogue of the Patent-office Library at Washington has been recently completed, and makes a volume of about seven hundred pages. This is the first catalogue of the library ever printed, and will be found a work of much value.

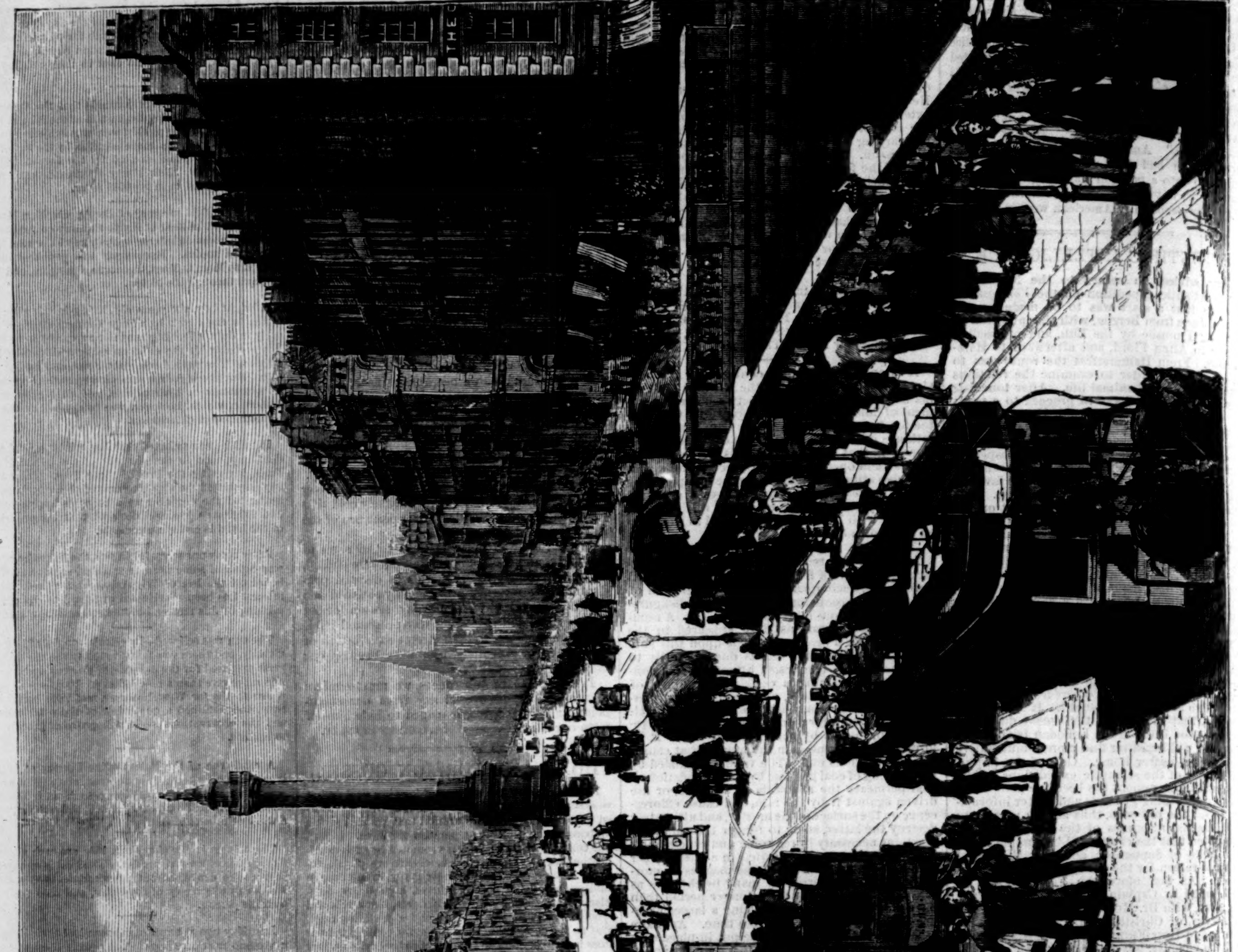
The miners in the Comstock lode are each allowed five gallons of ice-water a day. The heat is so intense that a man can work but a few moments at a time, and he drinks freely of ice-water, and also pours it over his person.

Last May two young Englishmen lost their lives on a volcano near Arequipa. They made the ascent of Misti, a volcano about 12,520 feet above that city, and 20,230 feet above the level of the sea. Two days after they left Arequipa the horse belonging to one of the gentlemen returned without a bridle. Search was at once made, for the travellers had taken no blankets nor any store of provisions with them. After four days' search the body of one of them was found far down in a precipice, and was with difficulty recovered with ladders, ropes, and other appliances. No traces of the other traveller could be found.

The New Hampshire Legislature has passed stringent laws for the suppression of tramps. A "tramp" is thus defined and punished: "Any person going about from place to place, begging and asking or subsisting upon charity, shall be taken and deemed to be a tramp, and shall be punished by imprisonment at hard labor in the State-prison not more than fifteen months." And special misdemeanors by tramps receive special penalties.

In Washington several attempts have been made by a mob of idlers and vagabonds to interfere with the laborers engaged in making excavations for the building intended for the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. The ringleaders of these riotous demonstrations were not, it is said, of the regular trades-union in Washington, but were "professionals," who would not work at any price, but who manage to make a living by imposing upon honest working-men. Addresses were made, and notices posted warning laborers that no one would be permitted to work for less than $1 50 a day, under penalty of being stoned or shot to death. Several conflicts occurred between the police and the rioters, and ample arrangements were made to suppress violence. A number of these disturbers of the public peace were arrested, brought to trial, and sentenced to jail for terms ranging from one to three months.

The *Court Journal* mentions a curious episode in the history of the crown diamonds of France, to which attention has been drawn by their exhibition in the Champ de Mars. In 1792 the Constituent Assembly ordered an inventory to be made of these jewels, and that task had hardly been completed when one night they all disappeared. Forty thieves, acting in unison, managed to escalade the house in the Place Louis XIV. in which the gems were deposited, and effected an entrance by breaking in the window, and carried them all off. Although so many men were engaged in the enterprise, only two were caught, but the diamonds could not be found. At that time a man named Lamiéville, a hair-dresser, was in the prison of the Conciergerie, under sentence of death for coining, but he made his escape. A few days afterward he called upon Sergeant Marceau, a municipal officer who had rendered him some service while he was in prison, and told the policeman that while in confinement he had heard the men talking, and had discovered the hiding-place of the precious objects, viz., in the hollows of two large beams in a garret in a certain street. The sergeant went himself to search, and recovered the whole of them—the Regent, the Sancy, etc. As for Lamiéville, he was sent away from Paris for security. Petion, the mayor of the capital, recommended him to the Minister of War, and he made an officer of a regiment of the line. According to an inventory drawn up in the reign of Louis XVIII., the jewels were more than 64,000 in number, weighing 18,751 carats, and were estimated to be worth 20,900,260 francs.



SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN, IRELAND.

A VIEW IN DUBLIN.

Carlisle Bridge is, like London Bridge, the first from the sea over the great river of the city, but there is no other likeness, and the crossing of Carlisle Bridge does not entail upon you a spectacle of warehouses, neither are your ears deafened with the roar of wagons and the screaming of engine whistles. On the contrary, on either side of the bridge are wide and very handsome streets filled with lofty houses and lined with splendid shops. Of the two thoroughfares direct from the bridge, Sackville Street, on the north side of the Liffey, is the grandest. There is, indeed, no wider or, in point of vista, no more beautiful street in Europe. It has sometimes been compared with the Broadway of New York, but there is much more airiness and lightness and grace about Sackville Street than in the bustling, highly colored boulevard of America. And these effects are not produced by an absence of that animation which one expects to find in the centre of a capital, for there is abundance of it here, but the street is so expansive, like the great and busy square at Alexandria more than any thing else, and the houses and public buildings dwarf all street objects into such diminutiveness, that light Irish cars may be dashing past you, tram cars may be turning all the corners of the streets on their way to the terminus at the base of Nelson's Pillar, and coal drays in lines may be swiftly moving toward the ships along the quays, and yet neither all these nor the hundreds of people on the broad pavements convey to you ideas of crowding, nor of that overwhelming, ponderous business activity you get in either London or Liverpool. It is the grace of the place that is its principal charm. In no other street in the world will you, at certain hours of the day, see so many young and beautiful women promenading up and down between the trees, which afford some shelter as well as much ornamentation to the pathways and the pleasant shops. And if these do not attract your gaze, you have public buildings with Ionic columns to glance at, and hotels—quiet mansions of hotels, and not those with flaming posters glaring forth from chimney stacks and side walls—and lastly you have, right in the centre of this street, the Nelson Column, with the gallant admiral standing bare-headed at the top, and leaning against a capstan, and not, as in the London column, against a tiny coil of rope, as if any one could gain support from that. If you want to take in all the picturesqueness at once, you must stand on Carlisle Bridge and look down the roadway till your eyes meet the Rotunda and the church spires that seem to pierce the sky above the houses at the Denmark Hill end of Sackville Street. You will at once admit that it is no wonder this magnificent avenue is the favorite street of the citizens of Dublin, for you can see nothing before you but taste and beauty and prosperity.

THE INSURRECTION IN CRETE.

Ever since the termination of the struggle between Russia and Turkey there has been a continuous series of hostilities going on between the Greek inhabitants of Turkish provinces and the Moslem troops stationed within their limits. It

THE INSURRECTION IN CRETE—SKIRMISHING IN THE MOUNTAINS.

has been suggested, and probably with some degree of truth, that the idea of the insurgents in Thessaly, Epirus, Crete, and elsewhere has been, not the possibility of throwing off the rule of the Turk—a matter they were entirely too feeble to accomplish—but to call the attention of Europe to the abominable misrule under which they languish.

From the time that Crete finally passed from the hands of the Venetians into those of the Turk, the unhappy island has been the scene of constant contention. This event took place in the middle of the seventeenth century. The Turk had been in the habit of making expeditions to Crete for the purpose of plunder; but the determination to besiege and take possession of the island grew out of a difficulty between the Sultan and the Maltese. A prize vessel was taken by the latter, which, according to report, had on board the aga of the eunuchs, and also the favorite wife and son of the Sultan Ibrahim. It is probable, however, that the lady in question was only a slave of the aga, who had been employed in the seraglio as a nurse, with her son, and to whom the Sultan had become attached. This vessel was carried for a short time into Calismene, a harbor of Crete, but without the consent of the Venetians, who had no garrison there. This fact did not, however, excuse them in the eyes of the Sultan, who became highly incensed, and by way of vengeance sent a large force to the island, which soon took Canea and Retimo, and besieged the capital with vigor. The attack was bravely repelled, but was repeated four years later, this time with the same want of success.

In 1656 the Turks made a third effort, but afterward changed the siege into a blockade, which they continued ten years without success, since the Venetians, being masters of the sea, supplied the fortress with arms, ammunition, and men without difficulty. In 1667, after the peace of Vasvar, the Grand Vizier Kiopurli, in order to restore a tarnished reputation, and to regain the favor of Mohammed IV. by an important conquest, took measures for the entire subjugation of Crete, and invested the capital with 80,000 men. The fortress was, however, well defended. A wall with seven bastions surrounded it; the same number of ravelins were situated in front of the wall, and several detached works further in advance. A numerous fleet held the Turks in check by sea, and the garrison declared itself ready to be buried under the walls of the fortress. The attack was at first directed against the bastion called Panigra, and the Turks were soon at the foot of the breach. Here, however, the defenses were so strong that six months' fighting found the enemy no step in advance; the winter was upon them, and they were obliged to withdraw to their intrenchments. During the cold months many of the besiegers were carried off by disease, but by spring they were treacherously informed that the bastions of St. André and Sabonietta were weaker than the one which had so successfully resisted them, and this gave them fresh courage. As soon as the weather would permit, they altered their plans and attacked the last-mentioned works. Their expectations of an easy victory were not fulfilled, however, for having succeeded in establishing themselves upon the bastion of St. André, they found beyond it strong intrenchments, which withstood the most violent assaults, and again winter forced them to suspend their operations.

In the spring of 1669 the Turks pursued their

labors slowly, but more surely and successfully. In a short time nothing but a heap of stones remained to the Venetians of the bastion of St. André, and their last defense was a wall thrown up during the winter as a general intrenchment. But in this extremity succor arrived in the shape of a French fleet conveying 7000 troops. A desperate sally was undertaken with this new re-enforcement. A mine was to serve as a signal, and throw the Turks into confusion. On the contrary, a Turkish powder magazine blew up when the French had already got possession of the trenches. This explosion filled the French with such a fear of concealed mines that they fled in disorder to the fortress. At the same time the Christian fleet, which was to attack the Turkish camp in the flank, was thrown into disorder by the batteries on the coast, and the blowing up of a ship of seventy guns. This misfortune increased the disorder, which already existed to such a degree that the French commander, convinced that the preservation of the fortress was impossible, re-embarked with his troops, and returned to France. Finally, a fresh assault was made by the Turks, which, more successful than the previous ones, brought them to the last intrenchment. The garrison, amounting now to scarcely 3000 men, was despondent and disorderly; quarrels distracted the commanders, and every thing announced that the place must fall at the next assault. It was therefore resolved to surrender. The Turks found the city in a ruinous state, every thing of any value was removed, only thirty-three men, for the most part advanced in years, remained behind, and 350 miserable cannon stood on the walls. The Turks immediately repaired all the works. Having obtained possession of the capital, they endeavored to expel the Venetians from the strongholds that remained to them. In this they were successful, and Crete finally became a Turkish island.

Under Moslem rule Crete has become devastated and impoverished, like the other Christian possessions of the Turk. Her history is a record of oppression and futile attempts at insurrection, especially during the present century. In 1821, at the beginning of the revolt which resulted in Grecian independence, Crete was in arms against her Mohammedan rulers. In 1830 the island was ceded to the Viceroy of Egypt, but was restored to the Porte in 1841. A new insurrection broke out in 1858, and in 1866 began an almost general struggle of the Christian population against Turkish rule. In 1867 there were several important engagements between OMAR PASHA, commanding the Turks, and the insurgents, and vigorous fighting from April to December, when, by order of the Turkish government, hostilities were suspended for four weeks. The Turkish Grand Vizier, AALI PASHA, arrived on the island in October of 1867, and proclaimed amnesty. The insurgents proclaimed against this, and demanded an international commission of inquiry, and universal suffrage. Hostilities were renewed even before the expiration of the armistice. During the year attempts were made by negotiation to settle the difficulties. In January Christian and Mussulman delegates went, by order of the Sultan, to Constantinople, to express the wishes of the people; but they effected nothing, and in May went back, leaving a protest to the great powers. In June a collective note from France, Russia, Prussia, and Italy urged a suspension of hostilities and an inquiry into the grievances of Crete by a joint commission of the powers and the Porte; but the Turkish government refused to accede to the proposal. Another collective note from the same powers in October urged the same advice, and the English and Austrian ministers addressed separate notes advising liberal concessions to the Cretans. In November the Cretan Assembly asked for exemption for several years from imposts, the establishment of banks to develop and foster agriculture, and other measures, all of which the Turkish government granted. The Grand Vizier was recalled from Crete in 1868, and made an elaborate report on the insurrection. During that struggle the Greeks generally sympathized with the Cretans, which led to grave complications between Turkey and Greece. These, however, were settled by the Conference of the great nations which met in Paris in 1869. Finally, under the pressure exerted by these powers, the Cretan insurrection came to an end. The insurgent leaders submitted to the Turkish government in 1869; the Greek Patriarch, in a pastoral, urged the Christian Cretans to peace; the island became tranquil, and finally the ports were re-opened.

The present insurrection in Crete grows out of the disappointment of the Greeks in regard to the result of Turkey's humiliation at the hands of Russia and the action of the recent Congress. A rectification of frontier has been promised to Thessaly and Epirus, but nothing has been done, or is likely to be done, for Crete. No such happy fate is in store for it as has befallen Cyprus. Better government may be promised, but it is probable that things will be in the future much as they have been in the past. Whatever reforms may be promised or instituted, the Cretans will be contented with nothing less than union with Greece. A correspondent of the London *Spectator* justly says: "I can not let it pass as true that these men have any doubt as to what they wish. *They wish to be united to the Greek kingdom*, and they have shed their blood in torrents to prove their sincere detestation of Turkish rule. The struggle is a hard one for the Cretans, and many among them would rather accept the half loaf of 'autonomy' than no bread at all. Their homes are exposed to Turkish brutality every day that they hold out, and the strain is hard to bear. The poor suffering insurgents call loudly for union with Greece, and it is a most unfair perversion of what they say to make them seem to hesitate in the matter." Indeed, so long as Greek provinces remain under the Turkish yoke, no diplomatic contracts can prevent them from periodically rebelling. It is true that the insurrections may not be formidable in themselves. No rising of half-armed peasants can really be dangerous to a government well established and supported by armies of trained troops. But the struggle will still go on. The profound antipathy with which the Greek regards the Turk will not abate, and the slightest provocation is at any time sufficient to produce an outbreak. Indeed, it is safe to prophesy that the Greek provinces will never cease to be a rich field for disaffection, foreign intrigue, and rebellion until they are either severed from Turkish dominion or protected by a stringent system of local self-government.

DOES THE WORLD MOVE?

THE Rev. JOHN JASPER, of Virginia, says, "De *sun* do move, for in de mornin' it shines on dis side ob de hous, whil in de ebenin, on dat side ob de hous. Now, ef he don't move, how com he dar?" Notwithstanding Mr. JASPER'S logic, we yet believe the *world* moves. When Mr. JASPER'S ideas constituted the popular belief, people thought that to die of small-pox or cholera was simply fulfilling one of nature's laws. Now, through vaccination, small-pox is averted, while cholera, cholera morbus, dysentery (flux), and diarrhœa, are readily cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed. Does not such evidences tend to prove that "the world moves?" As an external remedy for cuts, bruises, sprains, swellings, bites and stings of insects, the Compound Extract of Smart-Weed has no equal. Veterinary surgeons have also employed it with marked success.—[*Com.*]

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Over **1200** sets having been used by us during the past two years, enabling us to produce a more accurate running vehicle, with more comfort in its use than by any other system, together with

ABSOLUTE SAFETY.

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TWINES AND NETTING,

MANUFACTURED BY
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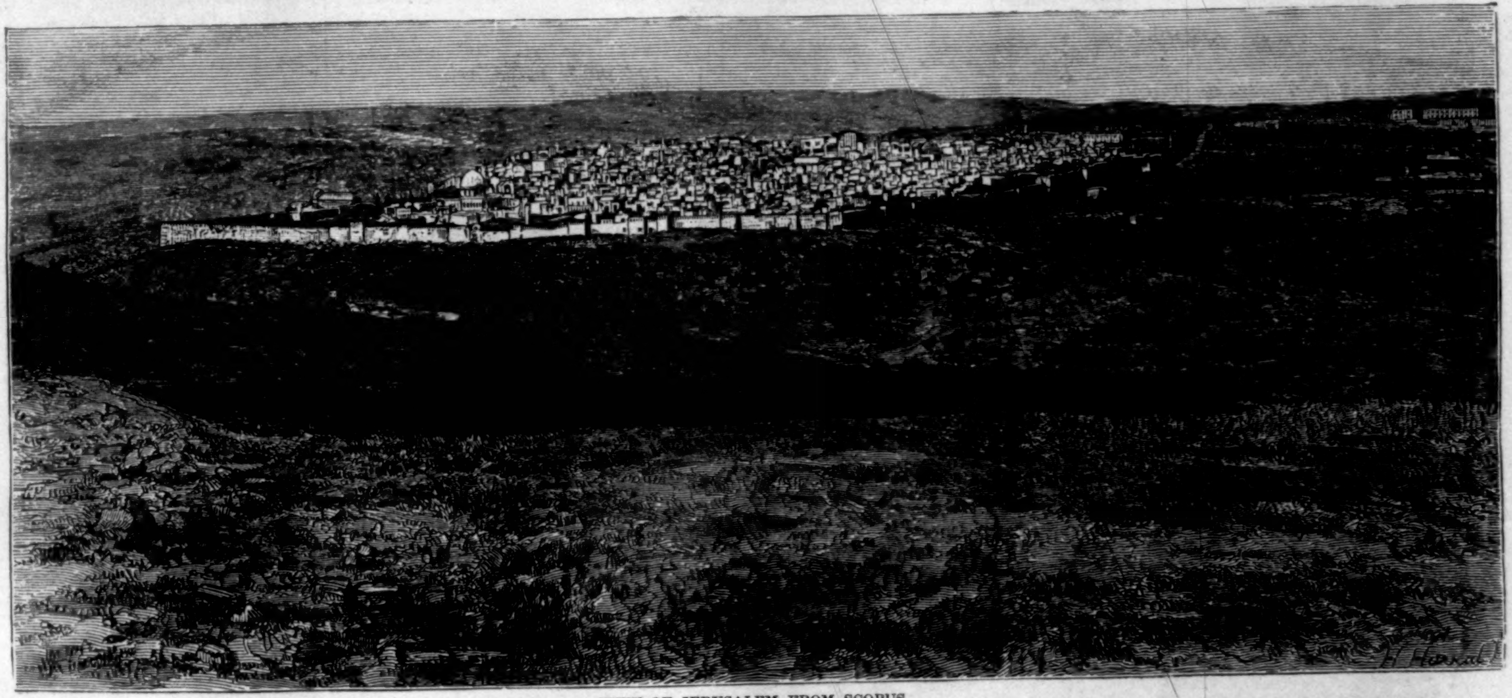
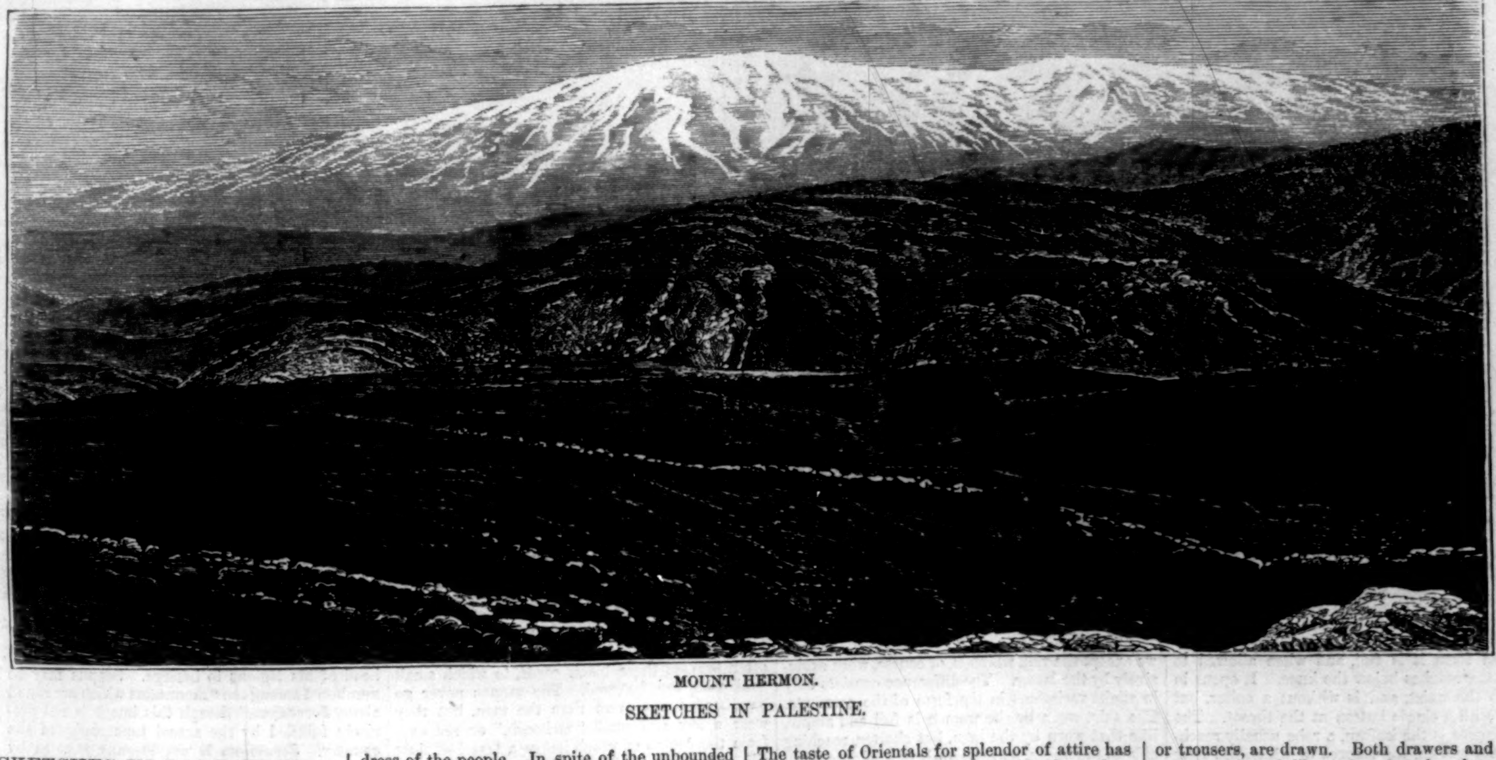
MEN AND WOMEN OF BETHLEHEM.



VIEW OF JERUSALEM FROM SCOPUS.



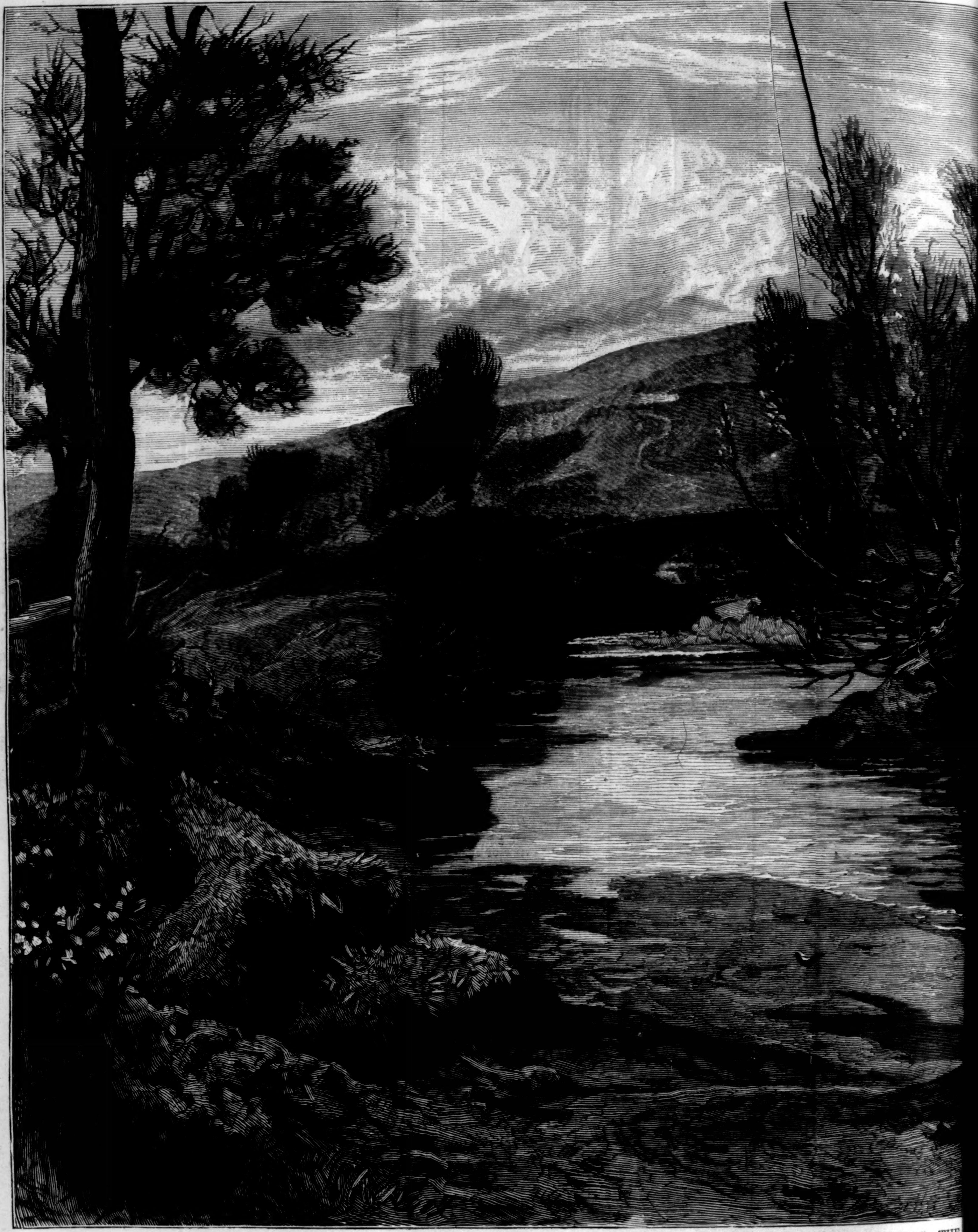
MOUNT HERMON.

SKETCHES IN PALESTINE.

SKETCHES IN PALESTINE.

THE above sketches are a continuation of the series published in our Supplement of last week. In the first two we have a view of the costumes worn by the men and women of Bethlehem. These are to a great degree the same as were worn in Scriptural times. The most ancient representations of the human form found in Egypt, Syria, and Asia Minor contain abundant evidence that no material change has taken place in the dress of the people. In spite of the unbounded hospitality of the East, intercourse, except for business purposes, is usually confined among persons of like nationality and religious faith, while at the same time bigotry, fanaticism, and pride of race all conspire to maintain unimpaired every outward distinction. The cloth worn by the people is manufactured by the wives and daughters, and dyed and fashioned into garments at home. Foreign manufactures of every description have, until a recent date, been unknown. The taste of Orientals for splendor of attire has led all who can afford it to provide themselves with costly and showy garments worn only on special occasions; and these, being handed down from one generation to another, have also contributed to preserve the fashions and styles unaltered.

The dress of the men may be said to consist of four principal garments—the "libas," the "sharwar," the "sadin," and the "kuftan." The first is a sort of loose drawers over which the sharwar, or trousers, are drawn. Both drawers and trousers are shaped like a bag broader than it is long, with an opening at each of the lower corners large enough to admit the feet. They are gathered around the waist by means of a long, narrow band, with the ends, in the case of the sharwar, embroidered in gay colors. Among the poor this garment is generally of dark blue cotton; those in better circumstances wear broadcloth or some light woolen material. The sadin, or shirt, is not infrequently woven of camel's or goat's

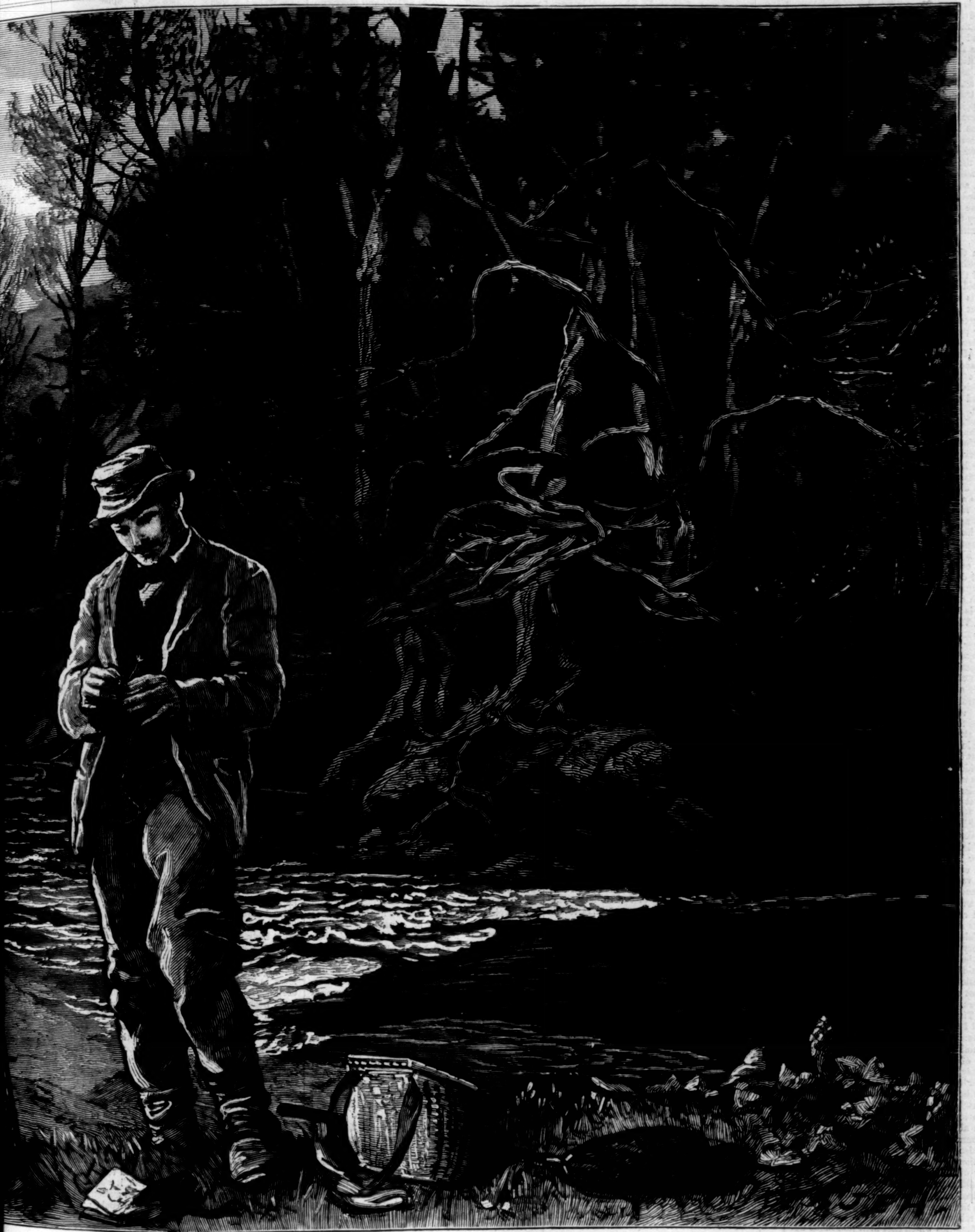


TROUT-FISHING—THE

hair. In form it is full, and when allowed to hang loose, reaches below the knee. It opens in front to the waist, and is without a collar, but fastens with a single button at the throat. The next garment is the kuftan, a robe usually reaching to the ankles, the sleeves of which are long enough to hang over and cover the hands. It has a narrow standing collar, fastening at the throat with two silk buttons, and is open all the way down, one side lapping over the other at the waist, where it is held by a single button. This garment is usually of striped or figured cotton or silk, and often of more costly stuffs, according to the means of the wearer.

There is no marked distinction between the costumes of the men and women of the East, if we except the veil, which is, of course, worn exclusively by the latter. The difference consists only in slight variations in the form of the garments. The shirt worn by the women is full and ample, like that worn by the men, but shorter, reaching only to the knees, and generally of a finer texture. Over this shirt they always wear the "shintian," a garment corresponding to the sharwar of the men, and usually made of striped or figured print, but oftentimes of material far more costly, and richly embroidered. The head-dress of the fair sex and the manner of arranging the hair vary considerably in different localities. One mode, which is almost universal, is to divide the hair into numerous fine braids, which are allowed to hang down the back. Into each tress of hair are often braided three black cords, to which small gold coins are fastened. The women never go bare-headed any more than the men, but they wear a low and small "tarboosh," or red cap, from the centre of which hangs a tassel of floss silk. A light handkerchief of printed muslin, whose tasteful colors are often very becoming, is bound around the red cap and tied in a graceful knot at one side.

The view of Jerusalem given in our second sketch represents the ancient city as it is seen from the mountain ridge called Scopus. This ridge lies to the north of the Mount of Olives, and here, it is said, the Roman Emperor Titus first caught sight of the city which he had come at the head of his legions to besiege. Scopus may be numbered among the "mountains which are round about Jerusalem," though this image is not precisely fulfilled by the actual topography of the country. Jerusalem is not literally shut in by mountains except on the eastern side. Any one facing the city westward, northward, or southward, will always see it on an elevation higher than the hills in its immediate vicinity, its towers and walls standing out against the sky. On the east, however, the city is guarded by a long ridge having four distinct summits, with one outlier starting off to the north, and another to the south. This northern outlier is Scopus, and the southern the "Hill of Evil Counsel." The ridge itself is known both in the Old and New Testament as the Mount of Oli[...] four summits are [...] al names: the "[...] that there the a[...] the men of Gali[...] supposed scene [...] from a curious [...] Tomb" on its si[...] called from Solo[...] roof of the city [...] feature, so near [...] the town that i[...] Even seen at a d[...] termingled that [...] the outline of t[...] from that of the



—THE CAST OF THE SEASON.

Olive Garden. Its ...uished by tradition- ...m the supposition ...hen they called to ...ension," being the ...; the "Prophets," ...ed the "Prophets' ...nt of Offense," so ...ship. From every ...e forms a familiar ...diately overhanging ... almost within it. ...s are so closely in- ...first sight to part ...the top of Olivet ...salem itself. The situation of Olivet, as well as the appearance of Jerusalem, has, however, been already fully described in the article accompanying our last week's sketches.

Hermon, which occupies our third and last sketch, is a mountain which vies in sacred interest with any situated in the immediate vicinity of Jerusalem. Branching off to the southeast from the Anti-Lebanon range to which it belongs, it lies between Damascus and the Sea of Tiberias or Galilee. Besides the common name Hermon, it is also called in the Scriptures Sion, while among the Amorites it bore the name of Shenir, and among the Sidonians that of Sirion, both of which words signify a breastplate, referring probably to the snow on its broad summit shining in the sun. Hermon is a conspicuous object from all parts of the Holy Land. It has three summits, situated like the angles of a triangle, about a quarter of a mile apart. As most commonly seen, it has the form of a massive truncated cone, and until late in summer it is entirely covered with snow, which then melts on the exposed portions of the mountain, and remains only in the gorges and ravines, giving the appearance of radiant stripes, or of the thin white locks of an old man. The height of Hermon has been variously estimated, but it may be safely stated at 10,000 feet. At the foot of one spur of the mountain lies the ruined village of Nain, the scene of some of the most affecting of the miracles mentioned in the Gospels.

TROUT-FISHING.

"Where the robin carols loudly,
Gayly and untroubled sings,
And the lark is poised most proudly
On his strong, untiring wings,
There may I be found each morning
With my rod and reel complete,
Not a speckled beauty scorning
In the pearly streams I meet."

ALL disciples of IZAAK WALTON are unanimous in pronouncing trout-fishing as the most fascinating of piscatorial pleasures. It is a sport that appeals to all who have a taste for rural enjoyments, and who love the quiet ripple of summer streams, bound by mossy banks and shadowed by lofty trees. Like hunting and other out-door sports, it has its enthusiasts who glory in it as their chief delight, and call down maledictions upon all who regard their speckled victims as something less than sacred creatures existing solely for the pleasure of the fly-fisher. One devotee to the art exclaims, in violent execration of the wretches who would dare to insnare a trout by trap or net: "How deep must therefore be the turpitude of the crime of that vagrant class of vagabonds who recklessly rob the streams of their life, beauty, and means of recreation to the overworked citizen who depends on angling instead of physic for restoring his waning health of body and decreasing vigor of mind!"

Writers upon angling mention many families of the brook trout, but the *Salmo fario*, or com-